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THE MIRROR

VOL. X

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1900.

NO. 11

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE INTERESTS
OF THINKING PEOPLE

WILLIAM MARION REEDY
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

THE MIRROR PAMPHLET, number eight, devoted to an essay, entitled "IN HIS STEPS," is now ready for distribution. This issue will be valuable for preservation as a record of the recent great craze over the query, "What Would Jesus Do?" Then, too, the essay may give comfort to many who believe that the world's interest in religion is declining.

Number Nine of The Mirror Pamphlets, for the month of May, will be ready for distribution about the tenth. It will be the first of The Mirror Pamphlets to touch in any way upon politics, but the politics of it will be of such a sort as to offend only those whom it is well to offend on somethings. The title of the May number of the Pamphlet will be this—"BE A COWARD!"

The Mirror Pamphlets are sold at 5 cents per copy. They are mailed from the MIRROR office to any address upon receipt of price.

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THE WATER QUESTION.

A PLAIN ISSUE.

ST. LOUIS is deeply interested in the question of a pure water supply. The Board of Public Improvements insists that a pure water supply can be obtained only by filtration of the water as we now get it. The Board wants to expend \$50,000 in experiments in filtration. The water must either be subjected to a natural sand filtration process or to a process of mechanical filtration. There is excellent authority that the natural sand filtration scheme is not practicable, because of the peculiar and varying character of the water. The alternative, then, is that the city shall try a mechanical filter, owned by private parties, and pay a handsome royalty on the patent.

The Board of Public Improvements wants pure water for the World's Fair. It cannot get pure water from the present source of supply by 1903. The erection of a filter plant of the size the city would need would take, at the very least, five years' time. So that haste in filtration experiments is not at all necessary. We might as well be five years behind the World's Fair with our pure water as two years, so far as the relation of the quality of our drink to the World's Fair visitors is concerned. The Board of Public Improvements is so committed to the filtration proposition that it has practically refused to entertain a proposal to supply the city from the great Meramec Spring. The water from the spring is pure, as analysis has shown. The engineering difficulties presented in the matter of conveying the water from the spring to this city are easily surmountable. The Board of Public Improvements then would rather have filtered water than natural water, naturally pure.

Let us suppose this case to illustrate the Board's attitude. There are two glasses of water before a man, both pure. Into one of them a spoonful of filth is mixed. Then this filth-polluted water is filtered. What man would prefer the water in which the filth had been placed, to the water that had never been contaminated? Who would not prefer the water that had not been filtered? The Missouri river water is to be filtered of its filth. The water of Meramec spring has never had any filth in it. Why then, does the Board refuse to consider the proposition to get water for the city from the spring?

The best engineers in the country say the Meramec Spring can supply 200,000,000 gallons of pure water per day. Where in the whole world is there in operation a filter plant that filters any such amount of water of such peculiar, variable consistency as that of the Missouri-Mississippi as it is taken into the St. Louis reservoirs? Suppose that it is proved, that water can be filtered in 10,000 gallon samples. That is not doubted. But it does not follow that such water as we get can be filtered in 200,000,000 gallon demands each day. If St. Louis were to put in a 100,000,000 gallon filter plant, on the strength of the observation of a filter plant worth \$50,000, it might, and very probably would, be found that the filtration of the larger quantity would be impossible, except upon an outlay sufficient to supply the population of St. Louis with champagne as free as water. A filter plant, to filter the water necessary to St. Louis, would be the largest filter plant in the world. If it failed it would be the greatest failure in the world. Filtration experiments on a basis of \$50,000 will prove practically nothing as to the filtration of 100,000,000 gallons of water per day. The matter will remain "a guess," even after successful experiment on small volumes of water. There is no doubt that the water we now get can be filtered, but the cost might run into millions illimitable. And it seems to be an indisputable fact that the water we now get cannot be filtered without chemical coagulants. This

chemical treatment would devitalize the water, and even leaving the water in reservoirs would not revitalize it.

It is plain that pure water without filtration is better than pure water as a result of filtration. Any natural element is better than any artificial element. If the Meramec water be better, softer, cleaner, clearer, in its natural state, than the Missouri river water would be after filtration, there is no rational being who would prefer the latter fluid.

The city of St. Louis would have to issue bonds to get the money to put in a filter plant. The charter must be changed to get the right to issue bonds for this particular purpose. We all know how averse are the people to charter amendments of all kinds. The city cannot go into such a matter as a filtration plant, or into any other contract, until the Comptroller can certify that he has the money to pay for the work to be done. The filter plant might be constructed out of the money saved from the water rates, but there is a demand just now that water rates be reduced, as the people of to-day do not feel like paying for the water to be used by those who come after us. As popular a newspaper crusade as has been inaugurated in this city in many years is that of the *Chronicle* now in progress. Water rates are too high. There is no prospect of their reduction if we are to build a filter plant to take care of 100,000,000 gallons of water daily. This is a point to be considered carefully. The statement is made that there is no assurance that the water from the Meramec watershed can be kept pure and clean. Water from an agricultural surface is apt to be impregnated with matter that may cause disease. To this it is answered that New York and Boston take care of their watersheds. It is difficult and troublesome to do so, but those municipalities seem to be able to do it.

Of course the Meramec scheme is denounced because it means a private control of water supply. This city believes in municipal ownership of the water-works. But the answer to this is that the proponents of the Meramec scheme offer to turn their plant over to the city on a basis which is said to be reasonable.

This paper has alluded to the mysterious "popular" demand for the filtration plant. It remains mysterious, in view of the fact that most of the demanders confessedly know nothing about filtration. Several weeks ago, a call was issued for delegates to be appointed from the different commercial organizations to meet at the Mercantile Club and consider the question of filtering the water supply of the city. Mr. Thomas Cannon represented the St. Louis Manufacturers' Association at that meeting. A filtration resolution was submitted at that meeting. Mr. Cannon moved that action be postponed until other methods of pure water supply could be discussed. This motion prevailed. Then the postponement motion was reconsidered and the filtration resolution was adopted. Mr. Cannon, in his paper, *The Interstate Manufacturer*, of April 10th, "admits his ignorance of the filtration proposition. He admits that he was not posted and believes that the majority of those present were no better posted than himself. He believes that the majority of those urging to-day the adoption of the filtration system are no better posted than they were at the beginning." If the men who have "resolved" so strongly upon filtration are "not posted," or "ignorant" on the subject upon which they declare themselves, of what weight is their strong resolution? If the members of this special committee of all the city's commercial organizations know nothing of filtration, why did they refuse to hear anything about any other method of getting pure water? It is rumored that stock in filter plants has been offered to certain men identified with some of these commercial organizations. The rumor comes from men who are said to have refused the stock. Perhaps it is illogical to suspect that some stock may have found its way into the hands of members of the organizations who voted down the postponement and

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jammed through the filtration resolution. And then again, perhaps, it isn't illogical or unfair. Mr. Cannon's statement concerning the filtration resolution is as strong an indictment of the men who passed the resolution as anything well could be. Even "prominent citizens" should not resolve in ignorance, and especially they should not vote down a proposal for postponement and investigation with a view to dispelling their ignorance.

The MIRROR does not believe that ignorance should dominate the city in the matter of a pure water supply. The MIRROR does not know surely that the Meramec scheme is the best scheme for pure water, or that it is all its representatives claim for it. The MIRROR says simply that the Meramec proposal, and all other proposals, should be heard by the Board of Public Improvements. The city wants pure water, not chemical water, especially not alum water, with its tendencies to produce, locally, a condition of infecundity in the population. The city wants pure water at the least possible cost in the long run. Filtration may be the best in the long run, but it is not established that this is so.

If St. Louis can get *natural* pure water cheaper than, or as cheap as, *artificial* pure water, the former is what St. Louis wants. Any proposal involving the supply of natural pure water should be considered, not ignored, by the Board of Public Improvements.

* * *

REFLECTIONS.

More Thoughts on Damnation

EVEN the saltatorial and polyphonic Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage is in favor of a revision of creeds, especially of the Presbyterian creed. It is impossible, he says, that people who lived hundreds of years ago should fashion an appropriate creed for our times. The nineteenth century should not be called to sit at the feet of the sixteenth. He further says that no man can harmonize the sovereignty of God and the free agency of man, and he says sooth. "A man who heartily accepts Christ is a Christian, and the man who does not accept Him is not a Christian, and that is all there is of it. He need not believe in election or reprobation. He need not believe in the eternal generation of the Son. He need not believe in everlasting punishment. He need not believe in infant baptism. He need not believe in plenary inspiration. Faith in Christ is the criterion, is the test, is the pivot, is the indispensable." The great question is, not what a man believes, but what he does. If a man live as Christ lived, no harm can befall him, alive or dead. No man can lose his soul, if he have a soul, through imitating Christ. If there be a God, or if there be not a God, the heart knows that the life, modeled so far as may be upon the life of Christ, cannot be a failure. Creeds are made by man. They must partake of man's imperfection. None can be perfect. God's designs are not conditioned by anything man may declare about them. Ordinary, plodding John Smith knows as much about God as John Calvin ever knew. The most learned scientist knows no more of the Absolute than a street sweeper. A people's God, as set forth in a creed, is only an enlarged projection of themselves. People who burned and tortured their enemies thought that their God should do likewise. Man in the world to-day has grown less cruel. Therefore he does not believe in a God who burns and tortures His enemies. The world feels that "it is well to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant." The conception of the Infinite, as a power rejoicing in infinite pain on the one hand and infinite joy on the other, is abhorrent to modern thought. There can be but one Infinite. It must be all good or all bad. And an infinite badness is inconceivable. The creeds that insist upon damnation, ignore the fact that evil works for the ends of good. They ignore the analogy of the material world, in which nothing is destroyed, when they insist that the souls of some will be utterly lost. It is man who thus condemns his fellow beings, not God. If revelation contains the truth, now is it that different men disagree as to that truth? The number of creeds constructed out of the Bible is as great, perhaps,

as the number of people who have read the book. And all he has been used by designing men for their own purposes give over to destruction those who see the truth differently from the one interpreter. Upon but one thing all men practically are agreed. That is that Christ is the ideal exemplar of manhood. That is to say, no man who models his life upon that of Christ can harm himself or his fellows.

Whatsoever a man may believe, what he does in imitation of the Saviour is good. Man seeks for happiness. It has been nowhere approached more nearly than in devotion to the line of conduct set forth by the Redeemer. It offers more surely for peace here. It contains nothing that could deprive us of peace or joy hereafter. This is the one thing we know. This is the best of every creed and sect founded on the Bible. Christianity is the one sure thing—regardless of the Old Testament theogonists or later day commentators. What Christ Himself taught is not disputed as a means to happiness. The gloses upon His teachings have made all the trouble. The man who believes in the damnation of any of his fellow beings may be a good man, but, notably, unless he be patently insane, he never believes in the damnation of himself. It is always "the other fellow," with your believer in hell-fire. Man's judgment of his fellows, so far as we know, is not God's judgment. Man's belief is not necessarily truth. Man's judgment cannot compass all of an act or a life it judges, for it cannot grasp all that may have gone before in countless centuries, all the subtleties finer than the spirit of sense which may converge upon a will in an instant. So far as we know God has never damned anybody; but man, arrogating the right to speak for God, has damned myriads, though to-day damnation would not be decreed against any specific individual.

Written creeds are nothing to men's actual beliefs about this matter of damnation. No one will predicate of any man dead that he has actually been damned to Hell for all eternity. No one will assert it of his wife, children, or friends, and no one would, at the last, wish it for a fate for his bitterest enemy. The Rev. Dr. Talmage is right in his assertion that "a man who believes in the damnation of infants himself deserves to lose heaven." But why infants? Why not anyone, infant or adult? What difference between youth and age to a sempiternal omniscience? If any particular damnation must be abandoned, all damnation must be abandoned.

* * *

Out of His Element

THERE is absolutely no chance for Admiral Dewey's nomination by the Democracy. The party is committed to Mr. Bryan. The Admiral's name cannot even be used in the Democratic convention to attempt a stampede. The distinguished sailor's candidacy has been fully threshed out in the councils of the party in every State, and the decision is against him. If he is to figure in the next campaign at all, it might possibly be as a running-mate for Mr. McKinley, but not probably. If he should take the stump against Mr. McKinley, he would be laughed at. Dewey has been distinctly injured by the use made of him, recently, by the men about him. He has been used by men who did not love him, but hated Mr. Bryan. He has been exposed as a weakling in some particulars. He signed the report of the Philippine Commission without reading it. He disclosed his ignorance by belittling the qualifications necessary in the occupant of the Presidency. He declared his lack of genuine political principle when he attempted to define his Democracy. Dewey is an old man, newly married; therefore a little light-headed. And Dewey isn't the Dewey we've been reading about since the battle in Manila Bay. There was quite another Dewey before that event, and not by any means a Nelson or a Farragut. Dewey's real friends should keep the old gentleman quiet on the subject of politics. If they do not, he will soon cease to be a hero. All this without disparagement of the performance upon which his fame rests. He thought poorly enough of that performance himself, but the incense burned before him has confused him. His work was better than he thought, but there was nothing about it that justified the conclusion that he would make a President such as is now needed. The manner in which

within the last three or four weeks proves this. He is out of his element in politics.

* * *

Reed

IF there must be a party this year for those Republicans who cannot follow President McKinley, and yet cannot vote for Mr. Bryan, and for those Democrats who cannot follow Mr. Bryan, and yet cannot vote for Mr. McKinley, how would Mr. Thomas Brackett Reed do for a candidate thereof?

* * *

The Wall Street Thieves

THE thieves in Wall street are now engaged in robbing each other. They have fallen out, and, as a consequence, the doing-up process has commenced. After fleecing the public for many months, and finding no more prospective victims, the cliques and pools, the rapacious, heartless stock-jobbers commenced to quarrel and to accuse each other of treachery and bad faith. Whenever thieves fall out among themselves, there is bound to be an explosion, especially in Wall street. The Standard Oil and Flower struggle of last year will probably be eclipsed, at least in its consequences, by the portentous feud now being waged by steel manipulators. There cannot be a particle of doubt that Jno. W. Gates, the President of the American Steel & Wire Co., has come out on top and gotten the revenge he had been hankering for. Some months ago, powerful interests had him at their mercy and made him disgorge several millions. Several of his pseudo friends were among those who held him up, and, knowing this, he had ever since been scheming to get "even." He did not betray himself; he smiled and smiled, was ever courteous and obliging, professing friendship and good faith, and while apparently submitting to the insinuation that he had permitted himself to be duped, he laid his plans. While his treacherous fellow-conspirators and friends were industriously nursing the market for trust stocks and trying to dispose of their holdings in a quiet and yet profitable manner, Gates sold big amounts of American Steel & Wire preferred and common shares for the fall, or, to use the parlance of Wall street, for "short" account. After he had sold all he wanted to sell, he ordered the shutting down of many plants, intimated a cutting of steel prices and hinted at alarming over-production. The result that followed was inevitable, but very sensational; the betrayed insiders realized that they, in turn, had been duped, and that all they could do was to sell. The shares were liquidated in tremendous blocks; the price fell about twenty points in a few days; many innocent, but foolish "outsiders," who had listened to the siren-songs of stock-jobbers, were compelled to sell at big losses, and the entire market became demoralized. At the same time, however, the astute and smiling Mr. Gates pocketed his profits, covered his "short" lines and calmly stated that the whole matter had no particular significance, except that it was the natural outcome of existing conditions in the iron and steel industry. The shutting-down of plants and the discharge of several thousand employees did not cut any figure in this Wall street vendetta. One clique had schemed and lost, while the other had schemed and won. So far as the bona-fide stockholders are concerned, their interests are entitled to no consideration or respect. They played with the fire, when they invested, and must not be surprised if they are burned when the officials indulge, once in a while, in a little pyrotechnical display of their own.

Yet what a natural outcome of the trust craze of 1899. As the night follows the day, so the collapse follows the boom. The most unfortunate thing about all this is, that it will have a bad effect on general business conditions and engender a feeling of distrust. We have had a sobering-up that will not so soon be forgotten. Trust-promotion will hereafter not be so easy and rampant. Congress cannot much longer refrain from taking a hand in the matter of trust swindling and it will do even if it be necessary to resort to the tedious process of a Constitutional amendment to effect it. Millions of

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dollars have been lost in the last year in industrial securities, while the syndicates and promoters have fattened on their ill-gotten gains. Normal business conditions have been upset, values advanced to an alarming extent, and the danger of a reversal in the tide of business prosperity increased. Let us hope that serious, real mischief will be averted and that conditions will be adjusted without a violent disturbance. The occurrences in Wall street will be submitted to the jury of voters next November, and are bound to have a most decisive influence on the formation of the verdict. Trust promoters have besmirched the National Administration and bedraggled the reputation of some of the men standing high in the councils of the Republican party. The great gambling game has flourished under the protective policy and that policy must be held responsible for the evil results.

* * *

Beer and a Historian

ELSEWHERE in this issue a writer points with scorn to the fact that the eminent historian, John Fiske, is delivering a course of lectures in this city, and the newspapers ignore the event. The writer of the article is evidently unaware that, two weeks before Mr. Fiske's coming, one of our great local newspapers printed an article about Mr. Fiske showing that he made it a point to drink four quarts of beer every day of his life. What more could be done in the way of stimulating interest in the great historian and in historical research? What could more endear the great tun of a man to the residents in a city that is noted for the quality of its beer? And in the buck beer season, too. Any man who can drink four quarts of beer a day must be equal to anything, in the estimation of St. Louis. And we cannot deny that the publication of this detail of the great historian's daily walk and conduct was just the thing that had eminent fitness to the furtherance of those forms of intellectual endeavor to which Mr. Fiske is devoted. To find out how much beer a man drinks each day—that is research. To ascertain that he likes to sit in a draft, that he never wears an overcoat, that he wears undergarments of the same texture all the year around—that is the proper spirit in which to approach history or a historian. Research would have gone farther, too, but for a base commercial spirit in our local press. Were it not for the fact that the advertising department of the paper in question might have considered it was giving a good advertisement for nothing, the writer of the "study" of Mr. Fiske would have been permitted to state what brand of beer, size of undershirt and sort of soap the historian uses. St. Louis, we would have it understood, does everything that can be done for distinguished literary visitants. St. Louis journalism brings a man like Mr. Fiske near to the people. Mr. Fiske drinks four quarts of beer a day. Therefore he is no plutocratic dude, drinking wine at a club. Mr. Fiske is not a spoiled, effete Easterner. He doesn't wear an overcoat. Mr. Fiske is sib, as they say in decadent literature, to sockless Simpson. What more efficient lures would the critic of St. Louis have had the great journals use to induce *hoi polloi* to regard Mr. Fiske? The papers here went the full limit of endearing Mr. Fiske to the heart of the plain, common people. The great journal put him before us in a light we all understand. He drinks four quarts of beer per day. Why, if he were not doing quite well as a historian, he could take up his residence in St. Louis and become eminent as driver of a brewery delivery wagon. Appreciate John Fiske in St. Louis? Of course we appreciate him. We love and reverence any man who can drink four quarts of beer per day, especially if he has the supreme judgment and good taste to drink St. Louis beer.

* * *

The Trusts are "Easy"

THE American Wall Paper Trust is in trouble. Since the factories consolidated, eighty new factories have been opened and have begun competition with the Trust. The new factories started up just as soon as the Trust put prices up to figures that proclaimed enormous profit. It was thought that there could be no competition while the Trusts controlled the patterns and patents, but there were other designers, other men devising inventions, and the high

prices of wall paper called their work into being. Besides, the Trust was founded on a lie. Those who went into it were led to believe that the combination controlled the greater part of the wall-paper output. The amount of wall-paper the combination didn't control almost swamped the market, when the Trust ran up the price to its own satisfaction. The world seemed to do nothing but unroll long streamers of wall-paper in its daily revolution on its axis. High prices have brought competition that threatens a receivership. This is the certain fate of all trusts as soon as they put the prices up. Nothing can prevent competition, when competition will pay. The only trust that can survive is the trust that reduces prices. The only trusts that are not amenable to the law of competition are those that are favored by tariffs that exclude competition and give a bonus from the people to the manufacturer. The natural law of business and trade are against the perpetuation of any monopoly that does not serve the people on the lowest reasonable basis, and every trust must topple when it ignores these laws, unless the laws of the land give the trust a special privilege not open to competitors. Trusts not protected by the tariff must collapse where they become rapacious. The only way to prevent successful monopoly from robbing the public is to abolish the protective tariff. This general principle as to the prevention of trust rapacity is supplemented by another principle of this form of government that enables the States to prevent combinations. Each State has the right to say what corporations shall do business within its borders. A corporation is only the creature of the State that creates it. When a corporation refuses to comply with a State's laws, the State has a right to interdict its business. A corporation of one State that will not comply with the laws of another State in which it wishes to do business can be shut out of the territory it wishes to enter. The United States Supreme Court has decided this in the case of Texas against the Waters-Pierce Oil Company. This is the highest law of the land. Therefore, there is now no doubt as to the right of the different States to deal with corporation monopoly abuses in their jurisdiction. With the undoubted right of Congress to remove protective tariffs on products of trusts that are organized to make things dear, instead of cheap, there appears to be no reason why this country should fear the octopus. The war on the tariff is the war that will overthrow rapacious monopoly. There need be no war on monopolies without special privilege; natural laws will take care of them. We are not nearly so badly off as we have been led to believe. Prove any trust to be making products too dear and, if that trust have a tariff protection, the removal of the tariff will bring prices down. Let any other trust put prices too high and competition will arise to reduce the prices.

* * *

Kitchener to Marry

SO Kitchener of Khartoum is to marry the lady who leaped into fame by reciting "*Ostler Joe*." The announcement is very interesting, but let us hope that when the fact shall have been accomplished the world will not find that it has lost a hero in an uxorious husband. The case of Dewey is enough to make us all tremble for the man who marries after he has achieved fame, but Kitchener is not as old as Dewey. Still, the hero of Omdurman is to marry an actress, who has been the whole show herself, and the marital situation is likely to call for all his generalship. It is easier to smash a dozen Mahdis than to get along with an actress away from the stage, deprived of her daily notices and weekly pictures in the papers. Hero-worshippers do well to tremble for their idols when those idols get married after they have become idols. If you don't believe it, just note how the cablegrams begin to drop hints that Field Marshal Lord Roberts is dissatisfied with the work of Kitchener. It is even intimated that Kitchener would have been condemned with Warren and Buller but for the shock it would have been to England, to have the hero of Khartoum knocked off his pedestal.

* * *

About the Claim on Turkey

AGAIN the German Emperor declares for peace, in a newspaper interview, but, all the same, he continues to push his project for a greater navy. Likewise the German influ-

ence is continually strengthening itself in Turkey by bolstering up the pretensions of that moribund State to consideration as a small power. German financiers and German concessionaires are in the saddle in Turkey. German officers are practically in control of the Turkish army. German strength in Turkey is said to be the explanation of Abdul Hamid's disinclination to comply with the demands of the United States for reparation for the destruction of the property of American missionaries. The Sultan thinks he can put off the United States' claim as he postpones reforms demanded by European concert, by elaborate dalliance. But he cannot do this. The United States will have its money, or there will be trouble. It is, of course, improbable that we shall have to make a demonstration, but it might not be a bad thing for the peace of the world if this country were to treat the Sultan as he deserves to be treated, and as he never has been treated by European Powers, all of which are afraid to do anything that will disturb the status quo. If the Sultan is calculating upon German influence to protect him in procrastination with the United States, he is mistaken. The English would have us believe that Germany is our enemy in every quarter of the globe, but, so far, no one has shown any rational motive for German enmity towards this country. The Sultan of Turkey will pay the United States its indemnity and he will do so, probably, at German instigation. If Germany wants to control Turkey still further, her interests lie in the direction of keeping the United States from projecting itself into the situation and interfering with the Kaiser's plans. It is not probable that the United States will indulge in bellicosity as to Turkey, at British suggestion, to enable British influence to side with the United States and thus impress the world with the appearance of an Anglo-American alliance. The United States wants its money, but it will get it without becoming enmeshed in European politics in Turkey. The foreign correspondents are too fanciful. Their predictions and prognostications do not "go" when they get to writing about this country as they do about the European nations. There is no chance that the pressing of our claim upon Turkey will bring about a crisis.

* * *

The World's Fair

THE World's Fair movement has got a move on it and the bill to appropriate \$5,000,000 will be passed. We don't get the Government \$5,000,000, however, until we have expended \$10,000,000. We have not yet completed our \$5,000,000 popular subscription. We should do that before the bill passes. The men and concerns that have held back from joining in the World's Fair movement should now come forward with handsome sums. The city's reputation is at stake. Further protest against and obstruction of the project is nothing but stubborn folly and mean jealousy of those who have pushed the matter to its present stage. The opponents of the Fair could do nothing more graceful than come in and "make it unanimous." They surely don't want to be out of a thing that is going to be a big success. They can not prefer to remain bull-headedly opposed to the sentiment which supports the Fair as a good thing for St. Louis. They cannot afford to be so conservative as to stand in the way of a movement which must result in spreading the city's fame abroad, in making the community more metropolitan and cosmopolitan in feeling, and in giving us a more beautiful, and, necessarily, a better-governed city. The distinguished gentlemen, financiers, franchise-holders, retired capitalists, mining magnates and others, who have turned a cold shoulder to the World's Fair project, should fall in line now. Their opposition can not longer be effective. But their co-operation will be none the less appreciated because they are convinced a little late. It would be too bad to have a World's Fair here and not to have the men I have in mind identified with the management. There is room for them. There is need of them, and, for most of them, up near the top. And what an excellent opportunity for all of them to "come up" in such handsome fashion as shall completely justify their protracted hesitation! The MIRROR hopes to be able to announce next week the surrender of all the gentlemen and institutions that have held out against the World's Fair movement.

Our Ex-Presidents

NOT long ago the question was asked, "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" It seems that the best thing we can do with them is let them alone. They appear to be doing excellently well with themselves. Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, has filled his private station of ex-President with much distinction, and his recent speech at the Ecumenical Conference recalls to us again that he is probably the greatest American master of felicitous speech. His summary of present religious and social and political conditions in that address to a religious gathering recalls for its happiness and grace of phrase, its unique delicacy of statement of vast issues, that wonderful series of speeches he made at Indianapolis, when he was first nominated for President. Mr. Harrison's speeches are not only graceful. They are original in their way. In fact, no President we have ever had had such a gift of gracious utterance, and the country rejoices that Mr. Harrison has not lost it. On the other hand, Mr. Grover Cleveland, of New Jersey, claims public attention by a series of lectures upon the Presidency, in which he seems to strike at the opportunism of the present Chief Executive, and to dispute a recent dictum by a sailor-man, that the Presidency is not a hard place to fill. Mr. Cleveland argues for the independent Executive, and justifies, to some extent, his own conduct in pushing independence to the point of dragooning the legislative branch of government. Mr. Cleveland, compared with Mr. Harrison, is not unlike the famous comparison of Ben Jonson with Shakespeare, in the description of things seen and done at the Mermaid. Mr. Cleveland has no grace of persiflage. He flounders in Johnsonese, and his manner is always elephantine, but he says what he means and means what he says, and, therefore, great numbers of his countrymen hearken when he speaks, even though he does not tickle their ears or fascinate them with his verbal skill. Our two ex-Presidents, therefore, are of service to us in a way upon which we could not possibly improve. They serve to break the monotony of the oratorical charms of the gentleman who is now President, and of that other gentleman who, for four years, has been trying to talk us into making him President. Our ex-Presidents are all right. There are many of us who think so well of them that we wish we could add another soon to the list.

* * *

Bailey's Success

EVERYBODY rejoices that "Joe" Bailey, of Texas, has triumphed in the recent contest for the Senatorship in that State. This is quite independent of Mr. Bailey's position on specific issues. Mr. Bailey has never been a time-server, and he never has been afraid of his own convictions. He declared himself against the machine, headed by Hogg, and he smashed it. He opposed expansion, though the greater number of Texan politicians favored it. He purposed to exclude a confederate and Cuban war hero, Gen. Wheeler, from Congress, on a Constitutional point, at the risk of offending the sentiment of the entire South. He never has been much of a silver "spieler" and he isn't anything of a "mixer with the boys," in the ordinary sense of the phrase, being of a studious inclination. As leader of the minority in the House of Representatives during the Spanish war excitement, he did as much as any man could, with such a following as he had, and under circumstances in which opposition had to be carefully conducted to avoid lapses into at least the appearance of treason. Besides, during his leadership he was always hampered by insidious intrigue against his influence. Nevertheless, Mr. Bailey went to his own people on his own honesty, and won the Senatorship from a people, as has been said, largely opposed to his conduct and his views, and even suspicious of his reverence for Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bailey, unpopular, cold even, defeated the most successful demagogue in the Southwest, Mr. James Hogg. And he did it solely because the people believed him to be honest. His triumph was won without the expenditure of even one year's salary as Congressman. It was won in spite of a strong presumption that Mr. Bryan's presence in the State, at various times, was contrived by the opponents of Bailey to create the impression that Mr. Bryan opposed him.

Uncle Fuller.

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FROM THE METROPOLIS.

(MIRROR Correspondence.)

A Ballade of Cities

O f all the towns that ask my praise,
From slant-eyed Pekin to sly Paree,
There's one alone that can have my days,
While the Lord He letteth His servant be.

Dear little Dublin is fair to see,
And Shandon bells ring a peal to Cork
That sits so snug on the river Lee—
But what's the matter with old New York?

London's the place, the swells all say,
Where the sun of fashion doth rise and set,
And Piccadilly has precincts gay,
Which he who has seen will ne'er forget.
Then 'Is 'Ighness is there, and, for a bet,
You can see him handle his knife and fork,
Like a bloomin' himperial cove—but yet,
We've Croker himself in old New York.

There's a charming town on the river Seine,
Where the Goddess of Pleasure holds her sway,
And if for a frolic you're in the vein,
Not a demoiselle there will say you nay:
And then they have such a winning way,
You could not demur, without remark;
But should you at home elect to stay,
Here's the Tenderloin in old New York.

Berlin has lovers—an endless tale—
And Antwerp schnapps have inspired a few,
And some do swear that no words avail,
Till Peter's city and dome you view.
Prague has her praisers—Venice, too,
That holds the horses of good St. Mark;
But while of these I would none eschew—
Pray let me tarry in old New York.

Now Monte Carlo's a place of fame,
With its strong delights of *rouge et noir*,
And if you're fond of a plunging game,
Faith, there's the limit and chance galore.
But why those dangerous coasts explore,
Where the prey falls quick to the foreign shark,
When, tapping the right spot on the door,
You can drop your bundle in old New York?

"See Venice and Live," 'twas said of old:
"See York and live," I would fain amend:
Whate'er your quest, be it beauty or gold,
Your heart's desire shall have here an end.
But should you fail, then on this depend,—
Steer not elsewhither your wand'ring bark,
For the world has not the thing to lend—
The sum of all is in old New York.

Prince, let us toast, the table round,
All good towns that since Noah's Ark,
For man and beast have a shelter found—
And the best of them all is old New York!

* Concubinage in two Colors

BISHOP POTTER of this town has completed the social rehabilitation of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont. The lady (who was Mrs. Henry D. Sloan) is alleged to have forgotten her proper carriage, with Belmont, before a divorce permitted their union. At the time of their marriage the Bishop preached a strong sermon on the evil of such alliances, which, by a social convention, have threatened to become the established order among the ultra rich and fashionable membership of the Episcopal church. Now, however, the Bishop has, in the social patter of the day, "forgiven the Perry Belmonts," and restored them to any privileges they may have forfeited in their own exalted circle. This same Bishop, who so lamely defends the Ninth Commandment at home, has very lately raised a pothor over concubinage among the Filipinos,—a state of things produced, he avers, by the extortionate practices of the Catholic friars. The two facts carry their own comment. Bishop Potter waxes wroth at the concubinage of the Filipinos, the more so that it can be charged up to the Catholic church, but of the similar immoral state among those of his own spiritual household he has not a word to say—unless it be the word which assures the Perry Belmonts of their restoration to good standing in his own Episcopal favor. While there shall be such bishops, the Bible, however discredited, will not cease to furnish honest men with its likeness of the whitened sepulchre.

Pittsburg's Prize Fool

FOR a completely synthesized, all-around fool, commend me to that Pittsburg young man who brought his bride to New York on the honeymoon trip and invited along a young fellow who used to be sweet on her. Everybody has since read how this most confiding of grooms left his bride and friend together in the nuptial suite at a big hotel, while he went down to the office to write a few letters—probably to communicate the first hymeneal raptures to his tenderly interested relatives. It is hard to read, without drooling, the rest of the Pittsburg man's sad story. Going back upstairs, he found the door of his room locked—the room in which he had left his bride and friend—and listening with a sudden, horrible suspicion, heard the sound of kissing within. After a little delay—long enough for the happy man outside to taste what are called in melodrama the "agonies of hell"—the door was opened, and,—well, his wife and friend tried hard to look natural. The Pittsburg husband being such an incredible ass, they might have carried it off at last, but for one damning circumstance overlooked in their guilty haste. The husband had given his bride a bunch of violets, which she wore in her corsage, on that breast which had already yielded him a happiness that seemed too much for mortal man. These he now saw were crushed and disordered, while on his friend's shirt-front appeared the tell-tale stains.

The situation was one that would have strongly appealed to the fancy of the late M. Guy de Maupassant. It is probably the only variation of the adulterous intrigue that he absolutely missed.

In the divorce proceeding which followed, as a matter of course, the husband has testified that after the perfidious friend withdrew, leaving him alone with his false bride, he (the Pittsburg husband) was so overcome with emotion that he shed tears in her lap!

Except among fools who can only be described in an algebraic formula, it is hardly probable that the Pittsburg husband's idea of taking a gentleman friend along to help spend the honeymoon will become extensively popular. As for the woman's side of it, though we may suspect, with honest *Iago*, that many wives show heaven the tricks they dare not show their masters, yet it would be unchivalrous to pretend that the Pittsburg bride's treachery will not remain as unexampled as the sapheaded folly of her husband.

* * *

Platt in Apogee

AS foreshown in this correspondence, the Republican State Convention, called for the purpose of choosing delegates to the National Convention of the party, failed to give Roosevelt the endorsement he was said to desire for a second term of the Governorship. Neither did it put him forward as a candidate for Vice-President and, of course, it sat down hard upon the boomlet of the absurdly impossible "Tim" Woodruff. Even the Advisory Committee was abolished. The Republican machinists, drunk with promise of spoils, made a joyous surrender of their few remaining liberties to the Easy Boss. This Advisory Committee, by the way, was created a few years back when Platt was forced to make some concession to the independents who were threatening to smash his machine. It is now buried, having survived its usefulness and outlived what little credit it ever possessed. Platt's will alone is declared, in effect, to be the guide and the guarantee of the Republican party in the great State of New York.

* * *

Teddy's Broncho Trick

BUT as to Roosevelt, who looms larger on the Western mind than he appears to his neighbors. I believe the action of the State Convention in omitting to propose him distinctly either for Governor or Vice-President, was concerted in advance between himself and Platt. This leaves him at liberty to take either nomination, according as conditions may demand. Then the seeming refusal of the Convention to give Roosevelt its positive endorsement for another term of the Governorship binds more closely to the Rough Rider all those who love him, because they think he is the object of Platt's fear and dislike. Roosevelt has an inherent sense for histrionics. While it would be impossible to pick out a single act of his, as Governor, by which he has given serious umbrage to Platt, while he has delivered to the machine and its master the enormous patronage at his disposal, he has yet managed to impress the simple-minded with a show of independence. This doesn't hurt Platt and it helps Roosevelt. At the proper time, if need be, the little Rough Rider will either be drafted as a running mate for Major McKinley, or, should another man be taken, Platt

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will make a show of yielding to the overwhelming desire of the party, especially of the independent element, and will run him again for the suffrages of New York. Such, in the opinion of the competent observers, is Platt's little game, and Teddy is lending himself to it with the deceptive agility and cleverness of a broncho that has been trained to buck.

* * *

Croker's Home-Coming

AVE CAESAR! The ruler of New York is about to return to his faithful subjects. The interregnum of the three Johns will presently be at an end. Croker benefits by these long absences, as blame in the interval is shifted to the shoulders of his deputies. The case of the cocky young man Coler will first require attention. He is largely in the newspapers and, indeed, challenges an almost equal share of notice with our flamboyant Governor. Coler is the pet of the Brooklyn Democracy and a thorn in the side of Tammany. He wants to succeed the Hon. Robert A. Van Wyck, who is disgusted with the job of Mayor. Van Wyck is pounded as much as Coler is puffed by the newspapers. But the latter has a formidable rival in John W. Keller, one of the three Johns, who is Commissioner of Charities and president of Croker's own Democratic Club. Keller is a good official, a popular, plausible talker and a man of education. He is regarded as Tammany's likeliest candidate for the Mayoralty. Coler reckons to force himself, by the popular demand, upon Tammany Hall, or, failing that, to secure a citizens' nomination and the endorsement of the Republicans. Not often does a man arrive at the Mayoralty by either of these roads. The perfect organization, the immense patronage of Tammany Hall, make Coler's candidacy appear like a forlorn hope. Yet miracles as great have happened in New York politics and may happen again.

* * *

A King De Facto

MR. CROKER'S return means a distinct accession to the interest of things. New York is rather proud of him. It believes, with Mr. Bourke Cockran, that he might have done worse with his opportunities. Since political bosses must be, it has a partiality for the boss-ship of Croker. That he is a "square man," is the reluctant admission of those whom he has turned down. Only an extraordinary force of character, an iron will, could impose an obedience so absolute and unquestioning upon many thousands of men. He is an anomaly in his character of boss, and the law has no cognizance of him, but an anomaly we should not dare to dispense with, under the present order of things. Therefore, the newspapers will celebrate his return as that of a *de facto* sovereign and will engage in their usual emulation to get the first snap shot at him, the first gruff word from him, as his ship bears him into port. Men who, by his grace, are holding offices with princely emoluments will hasten to make proof of their interested loyalty. His opinion will be eagerly sought by a hundred journals on all the great questions now agitating the public mind, the Presbyterian standard of faith alone excepted. Hardly a political convention that may be held but will be influenced by his presence in the country. It may even be that his voice will decide the candidacy of the next President of the United States. Hence the country at large, as well as New York, need offer no excuse for its extraordinary interest in the return to these shores of a man so variously potential as Mr. Richard Welstead Croker.

* * *

The Crime that Pays

THE wages of a certain form of crime in this town have come to signify a brief sequestration in prison and a fat bank account for the rest of the criminal's days. Kellogg, the bucket-shop broker, who exploited a kind of swindle, by which he fleeced people out of thousands of dollars, has been put away for a few years. He has disgorged no part of his plunder and nobody doubts that he has salted it away for future reference. It was brought out during his trial that he had looked forward with an easy mind to such a result of his criminality as actually befell him; had reckoned all the consequences and figured himself out a winner in the duel with justice—or that apology for it which is administered in the courts. A like result is obtained in the case of "520 per cent" Miller, whose operations were even more glaringly fraudulent than those of Kellogg. In fact, Miller has almost escaped conviction, the legal machinery being so difficult to apply to his case, and it looks as if he will get off as easily as Kellogg, notwithstanding this man stole hundreds of thousands of

dollars intrusted to him for investment and has not made restitution of a penny. The degree of punishment meted out to these two notorious criminals will scarcely prove an effective deterrent to their numerous kin in this town, who lie awake o' nights plotting to separate the fool from his money.

* * *

A Newspaper Disease

I ONCE knew a young woman whose naturally pleasant disposition became permanently soured on account of her duties as social reporter on a daily newspaper up the State. The fearful amount of rot which the young woman had to write about the "correct set" of this third-rate town, the coming-out receptions, the intrigue of forward women, the vulgar connivance of their husbands, to whom social notice and recognition signified business, the itemized attractions of the *debutantes*, all the nauseating stuff that makes up the approved social department of an up-to-date newspaper, preyed upon the young woman's sensitive mind. She hated and despised herself for the work which gave her a subsistence. She loathed the consequential women, social leaders, as they were called, who furnished her with announcements of "functions" in which they or their friends were specially interested. The pert dolls, labelled "buds" in the insipid jargon of the day, made her sick with their pride and their varied affection. They and their mothers and the whole factitious world about them weighed upon this too imaginative young woman as an incubus. I forgot to say that she hated her employers for printing such stuff—whose mean souls took fright if a word or a name were omitted. It was not a big town and the social matters were all "must copy." But with all her repugnance and revolt, the young woman kept her job, and, curiously enough, never suffered to creep into her work a hint of the iron that had entered her soul. She told me in confidence that the more she loathed her work, the better she did it—a singular but, perhaps, not unique inversion of the natural order. The job is hers yet and her revolt is as intense as on the first day. I am told and believe that the number of men and women employed on New York newspapers where grievance partakes of the like psychology is very large indeed.

Michael Monahan.

New York, April 20, 1900.

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JOHN FISKE, HISTORIAN.

HIS GREAT QUALITIES AND HIS DEFECTS.

(For the MIRROR.)

IT is evidence of the quality of the literary spirit of St. Louis that John Fiske has delivered five lectures within the past ten days, under the auspices of Washington University, to at least respectable audiences, and only the most perfunctory notice has been taken of them, or of him, by the daily newspapers.

Not being possessed of an infallible memory, I ransacked the book-stores for the purpose of freshening my impressions upon one point, before the lectures. I found one volume of Fiske's, and a perfect indifference. Not even a circular or leaflet available. One bookseller hazarded a supposition that Mr. Fiske was engaged in writing a historical work! "What's the matter with St. Louis?" I inquired of myself, and went my way to Memorial Hall.

John Fiske is, doubtless, the greatest living historian, pouring into his series of books upon American history the store of erudition he has been half a century collecting, and illuminating it all with the steady glow of his true historic spirit. In his lectures he characterizes John Richard Green as the greatest modern historian, but he is building up a historical work greater than Green's, and which takes up the story of universal history where Green left it. Fiske's work upon American history fitly and artistically surmount Green's English history, even as the American people are pushing the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon above and beyond the ideals and the performance of the English people.

Fiske's historical volumes have never received the critical attention they deserve. They have appeared without much of the sounding of brass that attends the issuance of popular books, and have quietly taken honored place upon the shelves of students and literary people. Their value and charm have been fully recognized by a few, but are not yet understood by a large fraction that might profit by them.

Mr. Fiske is a remarkable personality, as well as a

remarkable person, and it was inevitable that he should write the American history. His life has been one continual absorption of knowledge. It is related of Gladstone that he read books by the exercise of an instinct that enabled him to sweep whole pages into his consciousness as most of us take in words, a few of us absorb lines, and one in thousands assimilates paragraphs—by a glance. Fiske must have much of this wonderful, abnormal power. No ordinary student could follow his studies and accomplish as much as he has, in a century. Culture, erudition, learning, knowledge—all different things—took him captive at an age that is considered too young for the kindergarten, and before ordinary children had mastered the primer he was grandly consorting with the immortals, in their own tongues. Whatever revealed the springs of action, the motives and the motifs of humanity in its struggle for orderly existence, Fiske found out and made his own. And now he is making it all *our* own—the essence of the books he is writing about ourselves.

In plan, scope and execution, the books Mr. Fiske has written will form the greatest history of America. That much must be conceded, or rather claimed. It is because Fiske works according to the modern method, because his work is based upon the most sane philosophy, because his literary style is charming—that his books are to live, and become greater. While it is not easy to characterize his style, he makes history live for his readers. He does not marshal ghosts before our eyes; he does not give us an array of political facts and dates. He reveals to us the life of the times of which he writes, and gives as the clews to its motives and purposes.

These are the impressions that remain with the faithful and patient reader of Fiske's histories. I say "patient reader," because Fiske demands not only patience, but toleration and charity. His books are made up from lectures, for the most part, and the work of the skilled editor is not as much in evidence as it should be. The lectures are not amalgamated into the volume, they are rather loosely connected, and in many instances the distinctive lecture features are neither eliminated nor softened. This fault is not apparent in his latest volume, "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," in which there seems to have been an attempt to produce something like literary homogeneity. In some of the earlier volumes the disjointedness is a glaring fault, and does much to neutralize the splendid force of the narrative.

But there is a more serious defect than this, which, after all, relates to the mechanics of literature. In all his historical works, Fiske has permitted himself a controversial latitude which is neither pleasant nor profitable, and is an ugly blotch on his fair pages. It may be excused if a lecturer permits himself to rail at ephemeral political conditions, or even at controversial antagonists, for speech may be forgotten and credited to the transient influences of events not well understood or fully revealed. But when the pages of history are soiled with such stuff, the reader can only grieve, or condemn. In many places Fiske allows himself this freedom, and commits such laches. In his latest volume he twice introduces scathing, and not very well argued, denunciations of Douglas Campbell, whose pretentious books about the great influence of the Dutch in early historical America sank into almost instant oblivion. The poor, provincial lawyer was dead before Fiske scarified his books, and the books themselves were never properly born, having been published at the author's charges. Fiske's virulent attack upon this unknown and unknowing writer was simply a sacrifice of dignity that had no justification at all—it was purely Quixotic, the tilt at a windmill that was only a shadow of a windmill. I myself labored through Mr. Campbell's two thick volumes, without being able to get more out of them than the conviction that their author was a laborious crank; and when I came upon Fiske's railing criticism, marring the fine story of the Dutch in America, I found myself pitying Fiske almost as much as I had pitied Campbell.

In the same book Fiske stoops to fling an ineffectual paragraph at the Republican protection doctrine—drastic, bitter, unreasoning. I believe his sentiment is quite correct, and fully understand how a historical student must of necessity disbelieve in that political makeshift. But, because it is a makeshift, I do not understand why it was necessary to bring it into a historical work, dealing with matters a century or two older. The paragraph shows temper, and unreasoning temper. Not only does it shock the

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reader and mar the page, but it jars one's senses like a nail falling in the gearing of a smooth-running machine. These things recur at too frequent intervals in Fiske's historical works. They must be charged to inefficient editing of the lectures when they are grouped for the books. They are not the only evidences that better editing is needed. Such defects do not appear in Fiske's non-historical books, but as it is as a historian that his greatest fame seems destined to be won, it is as a historian that we must study him and judge him.

That it is quite fair to charge him with carelessness in the editing of his historical books is made evident by the quality of some of his other works. Take that little-great trilogy, "The Idea of God," "The Destiny of Man," and "Through Nature to God." There are few books, of recent production, more skillfully written. The great ideas flow to the reader through a literary style that leaves little to desire—the rhythm of the setting in agreeable harmony with the loftiness of the theme, the brilliancy of the analysis and the discerning keenness of the spiritual insight. These three little books are the very flower and essence of the evolutionary studies of the Darwins and the Huxleys of the century, brought into our daily lives, bent down to the reach of our minds, simplified and clarified and condensed so that we can compass them. These books are written in a clear, limpid, exalted literary style, skillfully employed, so that the author's design begins to shine upon one's mind from the first page, and glows with greater brilliancy as, step by step, the theme is exposed and enforced, until the last page is read in the clear light of the writer's faith and inspiration. These books are never laid aside with a mental apology. Fiske's histories are. He is too great to permit himself to be indifferent. If he were not the greatest of American historians, living or dead, it would not be pertinent to point out these defects, which seem small now, while we are able accurately to estimate their insignificance, but which will be misunderstood and misconstrued by the generations of history-readers that are to follow us.

Meanwhile, is it not a pity that this great historian visits St. Louis and gives five lectures here, with no more notice from the public press than is given the arrest of a common, brawling drunkard? I do not believe this would be possible in any other city in the United States; and yet some St. Louisans wonder why their city is almost an unknown land a hundred miles east of the Mississippi, and north of Springfield, Ill.

G. F.



THE LAST INVASION OF ENGLAND.

(For the MIRROR.)

[The most chauvinistic French newspapers, despite the opening of the Paris Exposition, continue to discuss seriously the question of an invasion of England, in the event of that war which is "to wipe out Fashoda." These French articles read like travesties upon that travesty, "the battle of Dorking." Nevertheless, one occasionally comes across American newspapers in which the chances of a French descent upon England's coast are solemnly discussed. For the benefit of those who know nothing of an attempted invasion of England, except the ill-fated Armada expedition, in Elizabeth's reign, the appended record of an almost wholly forgotten historical incident is printed.]

ALTHOUGH the last invasion of England by a French military force is not mentioned in many otherwise accurate text-books of English history, it is, nevertheless, true that such an invasion actually occurred February 22, 1797. The details of the event are duly recorded in the archives of the office of the High Sheriff of the County of Pembroke, Wales, and the tourist who makes friends with old-folks in the hamlets around St. David's Head, will be told the story of the invasion "as my father saw it with his own eyes," 103 years ago.

On a beautiful spring day—that same February 22, 1797,—the country folk saw four men-of-war, three of a large size and one a gunboat, "standing off" a group of rocks called "The Bishops." Mr. Williams, the squire of Treleathin, saw them first, and, having been an officer in the royal navy in early life, he discovered very soon that, while the four vessels flew British ensigns, they were French ships and, also, that they had troops on board. The squire at once sounded an alarm. He dispatched one of his servants on the best horse in his stable to carry the news and arouse the citizens of the adjacent city of St. David's, while he armed the rest of his household and the tenants on his estate from the armory of his mansion.

It was but a small company that watched the squadron

of French ships as they sailed along the Pembrokeshire coast towards the little town of Fishguard. As the vessels neared the fort at this town, the gunners, supposing the visitors to be British men o' war, fired a Commodore's salute. To their surprise the British colors were immediately struck and the French tri-color hoisted instead, and the utmost alarm prevailed. From the fort messengers were sent along the coast to all other military stations, while the magistrates and other civil officers proceeded to collect men and arms and to send warning to the adjoining counties to prepare for the hostile invasion.

Among other measures of precaution adopted was the dispatch of valuables, silver plate, jewelry and articles that could be easily moved in wagon-loads into the interior.

At St. David's the people rose to the importance of the occasion, and all the able-bodied men mustered into the regiment, which was organized to repel the invaders. To supply the lack of bullets the lead was stripped from the roof of St. David's Cathedral, and distributed to six blacksmiths, who ran it into shot, and this was with the cheerful consent and approval of "the lord bishop, and the very reverend, the dean of St. David's." At the same time all the gunpowder the town possessed was divided among the militiamen, who were fortunate enough to possess muskets—and then the regiment marched that same evening to Fishguard.

Next day, February 23d, a force of several thousand persons had assembled at the camp before Fishguard. They were stout fellows, mostly farm laborers, fishermen, and including all the country "gentry." Their weapons were muskets, pistols, swords, scythes straightened on poles, and almost every description of offensive weapon that could be obtained.

While the defenders had been assembling their cohorts, the French landed at Pencaer, near Fishguard, under the protection of two of the men-of-war, viz., *La Resistance*, 40 guns, Captain Montague, and *La Constance*, 18 guns, Captain Desauney. The invading force consisted of two divisions; the first regulars, 600 men, and the second, 800 irregulars—the latter consisting of galley men, convicts, and the sweeping of French prisons—chosen, it was said, because it was thought they would fight more desperately. The entire force of 1400 men was commanded by General Tate, "an American of Irish extraction." Having effected a landing and, of course, without opposition (for the force of rurals would have been annihilated by the guns of the French squadron) a very strange thing happened—and that was, that Commodore Montague and his squadron sailed away and absolutely deserted General Tate and "La Seconde Legion des Francs," as the invading force was termed. The squadron captured one small fishing sloop, manned by two or three men, which was all the *opima spolia* the expedition afforded these gallant French tars when they abandoned Tate's brigade, and cut off the means of retreat from their comrades,—a cowardly act which has never been justified by any historian.

Towards evening the British forces consisted of the Castle Martin Yeomanry (cavalry), the militia of the counties of Cardigan and Pembroke, some artillery and seamen, in all about 730 men. In addition there was the irregular army of several thousand countrymen before mentioned. Lord Cawdor, whose title suggests the Shakespearian "Thane," was in command as acting lord-lieutenant of Pembrokeshire, and on his staff were Colonel George Vaughn, Governor of Fishguard, his brother Colonel Dan Vaughan, Colonels Knox, Colby and James, and Major Ackland. These with other gentlemen held a council of war at the Royal Oak Hotel, Fishguard, afterwards forming in battle array on the road near the town.

While the British were throwing out skirmishing lines and hastily seeking available points for mounting guns, their attention was called to the approach of two French officers with a flag of truce. One of them, Captain Leonard, also of Irish extraction, carried a letter from the French general. It was in English, the language "Monsieur" Tate probably understood better than that of the country for which he was fighting, and it read as follows:

Cardigan Bay, 5th Ventose, 5th year of the Republic.

SIR:—The circumstances under which the body of troops under my command were landed at this place, render it unnecessary to attempt any military operations tending only to bloodshed and pillage. The officers of the whole corps have, therefore, intimated their desire of entering into a negotiation, upon principles of humanity, for a surrender. If you are influenced by similar consideration, you can signify the same to bearer, and in the meantime hostilities shall cease. Health and respect!

TATE, Chef de Brigade.

The only condition imposed by the French commander was that the invaders should be sent back to Brest by the British Government. The "Thane of Cawdor" replied that an immediate and unconditional surrender were the only terms he should allow, and that unless the enemy capitulated in a few hours and delivered up their arms he should attack them with his entire force of 10,000 men. The noble lord was not above stretching the truth, it seems. The ten thousand men were largely available "in his mind's eye," but the French general was not disposed to be too inquisitive. A curious feature of the affair of the surrender was that it was partly due to a *ruse de guerre* brought about by the Welsh country lasses. It occurred in this manner. Large numbers of the country women had assembled on a hill overlooking "the seat of war" and field of operations, which included the French outposts at the village of Carminda. The Cardiganshire women wore white shawls or wraps, while those of Pembroke wore scarlet and all wore high-crowned black hats.

As General Lord Cawdor was riding about, inspecting things in general, his eye caught this grouping of red, white and black color, on the hill-side, and its resemblance to a body of British regulars, of which branch of the army he did not boast of a single man, at once struck him. He at once suggested to the patriotic daughters of Cambria that they should march toward the enemy in regular order, which they cheerfully did, the whole moving forward *en masse*. The dip in the hill-side, or vale, caused them to disappear from the French gaze, until the women, by doubling back on their route at the back of the hill, again marched into view. It was done in the way in which military spectacles are managed on the stage, and caused much laughter among the lookers on, and, for that matter, the fair actresses themselves. A historian of the period tells us that some of the buxom Welsh matrons did a good deal of puffing and panting in their efforts to "march to the top of the hill, and march them down again." At all events the desired result was achieved. General Tate afterwards acknowledged that the ladies were supposed to be a regiment of regulars, and his men, who had recovered from the effect of the smuggled spirits which they had looted from the farm-houses, utterly lost heart.

General Tate, like a sensible man, signed the capitulation, and on the morning of the 25th of February his force paraded on the shore and laid down their arms. The ammunition surrendered with the weapons filled 55 country wagons. As for the prisoners of war, when the government found out what manner of men they were, most of them were conveyed back to their native land.

Of all the absurd acts of the fanatical "first" French republican government this expedition was one of the craziest. That the invading legion should have been scared into surrender by the opera bouffe evolutions of a crowd of farmers' wives, was surely an appropriate finale for it.

Crosby Hall.



THE MATTER WITH METHODISM.

SPIRITUAL POWER AND HONESTY.

DURING the first week in April, more than two million and a half communicants of the Methodist Episcopal Church were fasting and praying, their prayers going up for that return to "spiritual power" which their bishops, who recently summoned them to these acts, say has departed from their religious organization. In support of this contention, the bishops point to the fact that, notwithstanding the financial prosperity of the communicants and the churches, and the rapid growth of Methodist missions, both abroad and at home, the list of converts in the home churches is waning, and the latest statistics show not only a relative, but an absolute, decrease in the membership of the denomination. The New York *Nation*, of April 5th, devotes a page "leader," to this matter of the alleged decline of Methodism, and the editorial, though in a most conservative journal, is positively startling in its matter-of-fact manner of pointing out the trouble in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The article follows.

The minor reasons for this startling state of affairs in a denomination hitherto distinguished pre-eminently for zeal in evangelization, as they are assigned by the bishops, are the alienation from the church of the wage-earners, the disintegrating influence of Christian Science and similar "vagaries," the frivolous character of the books and papers read by the young, the passion for amusement for amuse-

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ment's sake, the irreverence for sacred things, and the baneful influence of the Higher Criticism. But the major reason is the waning of "spiritual power," the decline of the camp-meeting and the revival, and of the old Wesleyan ideals and methods.

The denominational press has, in the main, accepted the accuracy of both the diagnosis and the prescription. But there has been one notable exception, one discordant note, one intimation that possibly the trouble with the denomination is ethical rather than "spiritual." This note of dissent comes from *Zion's Herald*, a non-official journal, whose former editors have been men of independence, notably when Gilbert Haven edited it, and whose present editor, Dr. Parkhurst, is only a trifle less bold than the New York clergyman of the same name. This free lance has boldly declared that what is paralyzing the denomination is not any one or all of the things named by the bishops, but the fact that our "bishops, book agents, general secretaries, editors, and other representative leaders in the church do not carry the fragrance of holy living to the people, and no longer attest by personal example that they are more anxious for the salvation of the multitude than for anything else." The plain-spoken editor proceeded to say that, "if we are to get right before the Lord, and not be guilty longer of hypocrisy and unrighteousness, the church must be purged at its fountain-head. Unholy ambition, business dishonesty, impure thinking and speaking, must be put away." He then denounced unsparingly the political scheming within the denomination, which is especially marked, now that a General Conference is approaching.

Bolder charges than these against spiritual leaders have rarely been framed. They will surprise many people, but certain recent happenings in the church show that they are well founded. The Secretary of the Epworth League, the organization which represents the young people of the denomination, was found, not long ago, to be drawing revenue from the sale of song-books, the trade in which was promoted by his endorsement as an official of the League. So far from realizing any infelicity—not to say obliquity—in his course, he resisted vigorously the efforts of the more sensitive members of the League to bring about his removal. Moreover, at first a majority of the Board of Control were disposed to shield him, this body including a bishop. He was finally forced out of his place, the pressure being too strong for the "machine" to resist. But the incident revealed clearly that to many in high places in the denomination it did not seem at all questionable for a salaried official of a Christian organization to use his influence as such an official to put revenue in his pocket as an individual. Open charges have been made that church officials travel on passes and charge the church treasury for mileage expenses. When challenged as to their right to do this, they have made precisely the same defence that a Tammany official would.

There was a similar revelation of insensitivity to ethical distinctions about a year ago, when the long disputed claim of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church for damage done to the property of the denominational Book Concern during the civil war was finally disposed of by Congress. It was then shown that not only had the present Book Agents of the denomination pledged an excessive proportion of the claim to the lawyer-lobbyist who had worked the claim through Congress, but also that they had equivocated—to put it mildly—with respect to this fact when questioned about it while the claim was pending in the Senate. Their reply was negatively, if not positively, untruthful. The Senate, taking their face value, passed favorably on the claim, only to learn later that it had been deceived. But these men are still agents of the church. A few of the conferences and one of the minor denominational journals demanded that they be removed and the church purged. But their official friends rallied successfully to their defense.

Such developments as these show how complete is often the divorce between religion, in the conventional sense of the word, and every-day honesty. There is something wrong with the Methodist Church, as the bishops say, but the trouble goes deeper than they see, and the cure demands more radical remedies. "Spiritual power," in the common acceptance of the term, as synonymous with a revival of the camp-meeting among the masses, will never meet the case so long as the leaders condone a low moral tone in the transaction of business, and whitewash prominent men who have been exposed in dishonesty. This is a lesson, too, which other denominations than the Methodist

need keep in mind, if they would comprehend the attitude of the modern world toward the church.

ELIMINATING THE UNFIT.

REGULATION OF MARRIAGE AND PROCREATION.

[For the MIRROR.]

SCIENTISTS and moral philosophers are discussing the right of a person of unsound body or mind to enter into the marriage contract, with ever increasing seriousness. M. Arvède Barine made some interesting and pertinent observations in relation to this matter in a leading French journal, while Dr. Hegar, a German physician, elucidated it in a rather sensational article recently published in the *Deutsche Revue*. It is well known that several states of the Union have enacted legislation dealing with the regulation of marriage. The State of Michigan, for instance, has passed a law prohibiting idiots and lunatics, and other persons afflicted with specified diseases, from marrying. Under the provisions of this law the husband is allowed to testify against his wife, and vice versa, while the physicians are not only allowed to violate professional secrecy, so far as matters of this kind are concerned, but are actually obliged and commanded to reveal the truth. European governments have not as yet gone so far as some of our States, but are now considering the advisability of enacting similar and perhaps still more stringent legislation.

In reference to laws of this kind, Dr. Hegar says: "It may be objected, and with a great deal of plausibility, that they are cruel and tend to deprive afflicted individuals of the last consolation, the last source of happiness, the only one, perchance, of their existence. Sentimentality, however, should not be allowed to have too much influence or sway. When it is proposed to permit a person of diseased mind or body (reference is here taken to constitutional diseases only) to contract marriage, it should be remembered that it would undoubtedly be more cruel and pernicious to permit of the generation of diseased offspring than to prohibit that afflicted individual from aspiring to the founding of a family. More stringent legislation in reference to this subject may be objectionable to a good many enlightened persons, but everybody will welcome the fact that it has emerged from the process of academical discussion and entered the practical stage. It is very regrettable that legislation in the German empire is still so far behind that enacted in America. Our laws still permit a drunkard or a person of feeble mind to enter into married relations. A criminal, after leaving the penitentiary, may still marry a woman, equally as depraved in instincts and equally as diseased in morality as he is. The reason of this is that modern society has more regard for quantity than for quality of population."

M. Arvède Barine approves of the remarks of the German authority and adds that, as soon as a deformed or constitutionally diseased child is born, everything possible is being done, if the parents have the means to pay for it, to prolong its sufferings. It is not necessary that we should recur to the methods of the ancient Spartans, all that is necessary, according to Dr. Hegar and his school, is that we confine such children in asylums, maintained and regulated by the State authorities. Measures of hygiene should not be adopted only after the child is born, they should be put in force a year before parturition.

It is not likely that the views propounded will be adopted in the near future. Society is not yet prepared to accept them in their entirety and formulate legislation accordingly. The principal objection urged against rigorous marriage laws is that based upon the infringement of personal liberty. The question of personal liberty, however, is every year treated with less ceremony and consideration, even in our own country. There is, perhaps, no more tyranny in preventing afflicted individuals from marrying, than there is in sending a young, vigorous man into war to be killed.

The question of restricting marriage to persons of sound mind and body is of special importance to France, in view of the anxiety prevailing regarding the stationary condition of the population of that country. It is stated that Dr. Cazalis, an eminent authority, will soon publish a scientific work dealing with the matter and endorsing the statements and doctrines of Dr. Hegar. According to statistical figures, alcoholism, consumption and physical degeneration are primarily responsible for the decrease of child-births in France, and these three factors may certainly be considered

to be amenable to the supervision of the state government and public health authorities.

M. Arvède Barine concludes with the following words: "Foreign governments are fighting tuberculosis as well as alcoholism. They are intent upon protecting the mental and physical well-being of future generations, while we indulge in 'Ohs' and 'Ahs' at the suggestion that the license to marry be withheld from a person that should be either in the hospital or an asylum for the weak-minded and imbeciles."

Marriage has been reduced to a very practical affair; like kings, it has been deprived of the sanctity and divinity that used to hedge it. The law regards it as a mere contract, *nudum pactum*, with no sentimentality about it, although lovers have a different and, for the majority of us, a more pleasing conception of its nature, obligations and consequences. If our ancestors could hear some of our modern scientists and moral philosophers discuss marriage, they would be greatly shocked at the nonchalance with which its secrets and requirements are laid bare to profane eyes and submitted to exhaustive investigation. The iconoclast is abroad; his methods may be rough and ready; he may even do some mischief, but, on the whole, the results of his work are productive of more good for humanity than maudlin sentimentality and sickly refinement.

Francis A. Huter.

THE "INTERMEZZO."

BY CINQ'

(For the MIRROR.)

NOT long ago, tired of the grind of business, I wrote Arthur Graham that I had secured two seats for Nethersole. You would hardly fancy my friend Graham; he is short, broad shouldered, red faced, and fifty. He is a man with a past—a failure—and there is not much that he believes in. Still, from the first I found him an interesting companion. He had seen life from many sides, and, when in the humor, he told strange, true stories of men and women he had known.

After the play we walked through the drizzling rain to the beautiful café of the Planters' Hotel. It was a beastly night; the lights of the passing carriages were reflected in the wet streets; shivering wrecks of humanity stood in doorways, overcoatless, with turned-up collars.

Through the storm doors we passed into a blaze of light. The glass sparkled and the silver gleamed upon the white table cloths. At the numerous tables were seated well-dressed men and women; the black evening suits of the men standing out in strong contrast to the light dresses of the women.

The long room is divided midway by a handsome railing, below which hangs a velvet curtain; this division is somewhat higher than a standing man: it serves to separate ladies and their escorts from parties composed of gentlemen only. Graham and I happened to take a small table placed next to this curtain. He seemed to be in unusually high spirits.

We were soon doing full justice to the good things to eat and drink. How it all comes back to me! I can see Graham's expression of appreciation as he fondly handled the delicately-fluted champagne tumbler. I can see the puffs under his old eyes, and the blue veins interlacing on his nose. How he enjoyed the sensual things of this world!

As we drank and listened to the orchestra my friend seemed to draw in the spirit of the place. The warmth, the bright lights, the delicate viands, the voluptuous music, the drink, the women's voices from beyond the curtain, seemed to dull the edge of his usual cynicism, and he was gay, almost joyous, in his conversation.

Softly, after a silence, the stringed orchestra began the "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana." At that moment Graham was talking in an animated manner between the sips of wine. His life-worn face was all aglow. As the music continued, he hesitated, glanced around in an uneasy way, and then talked on in a lower and somewhat slower voice. I knew something was wrong. Finally he came to a dead stop. The orchestra had reached the low, soft part of the piece. Graham's eyes were fixed upon space, his face all drawn. Finally, just as the violins drew out that last, long, sad note, Graham's hand closed upon the table-cloth, gathering it up into folds; his wine glass fell and the broken fragments tinkled on the floor. He half arose,

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glanced around in a startled way, like one coming out of a dream, settled back into his chair, and, in a voice full of agony and hate, cried: "Damn that woman." Then, resting his head on one hand, he turned his face away.

The waiter mopped up the spilled champagne and removed the broken glass. The orchestra was now playing a lively air. Beyond the curtain merry laughter rose and fell.

At last, looking up, Graham said: "I suppose you think I am drunk; but when we took this table I did not think of him. It is the very table at which he sat. The music brought it all back. Maybe I am drunk. I can't drink as I once did. Let's have another bottle, and I will tell you a story, a story without much to it—to the world."

And as he drank he rolled little pellets of bread, and arranged them in designs on the table-cloth, and, in a low voice, terrible at times, because of its monotony, because of the suppressed feeling, he told me this story; and at the end the waiters were snuffing out the candles on the tables; the happy guests were gone; the cashier was balancing her accounts; a smell of stale tobacco smoke hung in the air; and the German musicians had each, with his coffin-like black box, gone his appointed way into the darkness.

"My life has been a miserable failure. I have none to blame. With more than usual ability and a good education I made my start. At first, for years, I did not drink; but there came a woman—and afterwards—I cared for no one, for nothing.

"I drifted into newspaper work; and one day met a mere youth. He was a reporter. Between us there grew a great affection. Through him again I took hold on things. On my part it was no friendship, it was like love, but not like a man's love for woman.

"That boy, he was only twenty-five, was all soul. Every emotion in life appealed to him and stimulated his imagination. He was a natural poet. The trees, the fields, the stars, the streams seemed to talk to him. I never knew him to express a sordid thought or to do an ignoble thing. You may smile at the thought, but night after night we walked in the moonlight for hours and talked, this boy and I.

He knew little of his parents. He was a piece of human driftwood on the great ocean of life. He grew up from and among the most squalid surroundings. He sold papers as a boy. When in his teens he became a reporter, and so elbowed all that was vile and wicked among men and women. He knew, and was known in, all the slums of this great city.

"But, through it all, he read at every spare moment, and he read the best. He had a remarkable memory, and when anything appealed to him he learned it word for word. Often in our walks he would recite chapters of books or whole poems. So it came about that when he chose he could, and did, use the most elegant language either in his writings or his conversation; and at other times, just in a spirit of fun, he would turn on a flood of Billingsgate that would appall even me. But all his instincts were high, pure and noble. The life he led, the people among whom he lived, never seemed to touch the inner being of the man.

"I have often thought that some ancestor of his must have been a great gentleman, and through one of those strange freaks of heredity the qualities of the ancestor blossomed out in this youth amid such uncouth surroundings.

"When I first knew him he was careless and gay. His generosity often led him into debt. He would give the very clothes off his back to some suffering friend.

"Once, soon after we began rooming together, he disappeared for several days and nights. At last I found him. He was nursing a poor woman of the town. She died; and then he came back to me. He had spent his last cent, pawned his watch, and lost his position on the paper. When I lectured him on his folly he simply answered, 'Yes, all you say is true; I know I'm a fool; but I knew her; she was sick, she did not have a friend on earth; and, somehow, I just forgot.'

"He despised pretense and hypocrisy, but his criticisms were never bitter. Such cheerfulness, such charity for all mankind I never saw before. Of course, he was miserably imposed upon.

"Well, I took him in hand, and did my best to hammer into him some idea of the value of a dollar. He became, by degrees, more respectable, more regular in his habits, and I persuaded him to write outside of his regular newspaper work. Some of his sketches of the characters of

slum-town indicated a wonderful insight into human nature, and he wrote in a simple, straightforward style that was remarkably effective; and so everything was running along smoothly with us, when it dawned on me that he was paying much more attention to dress than usual. He was a handsome fellow and when well dressed looked every inch an aristocrat.

"At this time he was working at night, and had his afternoons to himself. About dusk, it was in April, he came to our room; he was dressed in his best; he whistled and sang as he moved about. I studied him as I sat near the window, smoking, an open book on my knee. At last I told him he was not treating me right—to tell me all about her. He stopped midway on the floor, attempted to laugh away the subject. But at supper that night he told me of an accidental service to a young lady that led to their acquaintance. I recognized the name as that of a young society girl, daughter of one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most blue-blooded families in the city. They lived in a handsome residence in the West End, not a mile from Forest Park.

"He had known her about three months. Upon questioning him I found they had met frequently. He had called in the afternoons; they had met at the libraries; on pleasant days they had walked together along the cinder path in Forest Park. I asked him if he dined there "en famille" on Sundays, and he smilingly replied that he was not interested in the family, and had never met a single member, except the young lady.

"From the first I did not like the affair. It seemed to me men of our stamp had no business west of Jefferson avenue, and I told him our world was between the river and Twenty-sixth street. Of course, my advice and counsel was not desired nor followed.

"It was clear a new influence had entered into his life, and, apparently, a good one. He wrote better, was more studious and kept more regular hours. His paper noted the improvement in his work, and he was given a higher class of writing.

"Between their meetings they wrote to each other. Some of her letters he read to me. They were well written, indicated a bright fancy and a ready wit, but were all well guarded. There was no address or signature. He worked for hours on his letters to her; some of them were remarkably good. Of course, there were many references that were unintelligible to a third party. So this thing kept up, week after week, till she went to the seashore with her family. The correspondence continued. When a letter came he was in the clouds, and then, as the days passed, the barometer of his spirits went down and down. If it was a few days over the time he would have the blue devils, and his moods all came out in his writings. Therefore, the day he heard from her, his paper would have the most optimistic editorials. He was doing this class of work now. On other days, when the letter was delayed, the whole country would be going to the demnition bow-wows.

"Along in August he went to New York and remained a week. She was visiting some friends there. He returned dead broke, but happy. I never saw a man so much in love in my life; and what a happy love it was! All the world was a garden of roses to him. Now and then I saw her letters and his. His were full of fire, descriptive, dreamy, and mystical by turns. Her letters were suggestive, but guarded. She criticized his work with much literary skill. She sent him books and clippings of articles that interested her, and she displayed considerable taste in her selections and comments; but somehow I did not like her letters—they did not have the true ring.

"As time passed I liked the affair less and less, and so one night I talked to him about it. I took the ground that if she loved him he would ruin her life, as they could not marry. He could not afford to support her as she had lived, and, moreover, her family would never consent. He replied that she did not love him, had repeatedly told him so, and had said she never could, but she wanted him for a friend, for a dear, lifelong friend, to use her own words. But, said I, does she accept your love? 'Yes,' he said, 'she knows I love her.'

"In the fall she returned, and in the papers I often saw her name in the society columns. He had commenced writing a romance. They talked and corresponded about this book. He wrote, and wrote, in our room, and the pile of manuscript grew in the drawer of our bureau. He never mentioned this work to me and so I never asked about it or glanced at the sheets.

"One night he came in late; he had not been well—too much work. His face was flushed, and he said he had a high fever. He sat in the lamplight beside the grate fire, and picking up a block of paper, alternately wrote and gazed into the coals. In the morning I glanced at the sheets on the table. He had written a most peculiar thing; there was a throbbing meter all through it. Never before had I read anything that conveyed such a sense of feverish, intense, unhappy, despairing love. It would have moved a heart of stone. As I re-read the lines, I realized for the first time that his was a mind not cast in a common mold; that in these feverish stanzas lurked more than usual ability. That afternoon, when I spoke of the lines, he smiled, and said he simply wrote as the fever made him feel. Then he carelessly read them over. He then sat down and carefully, in ink, copied them, making a few minor changes. At the beginning he wrote the title, 'The Fever,' and put the sheets in his pocket.

"As the weeks rolled by I could see he was not happy. They still met; still corresponded. He still wrote and put the sheets in the bureau drawer. I saw the difficulty—he was deeply, insanely in love with the girl. She had put the peg of friendship beyond which she would not pass. At last I begged him to give her up, to become dissipated, to do anything to shake off this woman's influence. He smiled, but not his joyous smile of old, and said: 'She is a strange, strange girl. In her way she cares for me, and is true to me. She is the best, purest woman who ever drew the breath of life. Just think of her wasting even a thought on such a Bohemian as I.' And so I held my peace and waited.

"One Friday night the end came. I was sitting in our room, as usual, smoking and reading. It was a little past midnight. I heard him coming up the stairs. I had a strange premonition that something was wrong. I was watching the door as he opened it and came into the room. His face was an ashen gray, like the dead I have seen in the medical colleges. His eyes seemed to have sunk back in their sockets. His lips twitched convulsively. He closed the door and threw himself on the bed with his hands clasped back of his head. From where I sat I could see the veins swell and contract in the back of his hands. His eyes were closed. The perspiration stood out in great beads on his forehead.

"I have seen men die in agony, but never did I see such suppressed suffering as this. I knew I could do nothing, so, through the hours of the night, he lay there and in silence I smoked. He knew me. I knew him. Words were useless. Just at dawn, as the gray light of the morning and the lamplight blended, he rose, washed his head and hands, and began to pack his trunk. Mechanically I helped him. Then we talked of his leaving as a matter of course.

"At the corner table at McTague's restaurant we breakfasted, while the floors were being mopped and the chairs were piled on the tables. Afterwards I called on you and you let me have the money. I saw him off on the Vandalia at one o'clock. He told me to address him at Cape Town, South Africa.

"His story was short. After work, the night before, he had gone to the Planters'. He sat next to the velvet curtain. He was soon lost in a waking dream of the girl. Finally, in a half conscious way, he became aware of voices on the other side of the curtain. The voice of the woman seemed to mingle in his dreams. At last, hearing his own name mentioned, he collected his wandering faculties. It was she—she was speaking of him. He also recognized the voice of her companion, a wealthy, society man, with the polished manners of a Chesterfield, a man notorious among men as a hunter of women.

"She told him she had discovered a genius. He was intensely interesting, very amusing. He wrote such strange things. He had seen so much of life from an unusual point of view. He was a modern Don Quixote. It was really refreshing, after being with the usual run of business-society men, to tap such a fountain of originality. She had decided several times to give him his conge, but she pitied the poor fellow; for now he was so much in love with her that he had lost much of his originality, and she intended to write him a few lines announcing her engagement.

"As she talked, the orchestra began the 'Intermezzo' from 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' Spell-bound, my poor boy sat and listened. That he might not be spared the last bitter dregs the beautiful melody accompanied her voice as she slowly

Nugent's

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APRIL 26th, 27th and 28th.

The Big Cash-Selling Store Emphasizes Special Bargains IN A NEW WAY.

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NO INTERMISSION.

PART I.

OVERTURE—"Do You Mean It?" By Wash Goods Dep't.

50c Real Scotch Embroidered Swiss Zephyrs, - 25c yd.

SERENADE—"Exciting Times." By Millinery Dep't.

Beautifully Trimmed \$5 and \$6 Hats for \$3.50 AND \$4.75

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Regular \$1 All-Silk Illuminated Jacquard Poplins, 44c yd.

MAZURKA—"Call Me Thine Own." By Cloak and Suit Dep't.

A \$27.50 Fine Broadcloth Tailor-Made Suit for - \$18.75

ULLABY—"Sleep, Dearest, Sleep." By Baby Dep't.

Infant's Elegant White Bedford Cord Capes, - \$4.75

PART II.

ANDANTE—"Tell It To His Mother." By Boys' Clothing Dep't.

Boys' \$6.50 Double Breasted Suits—Knee Pants—for \$5.00

GALOP—"Housekeeper's Delight." By Upholstery Dep't.

1,000 Rolls Matting, - - from \$3.75 Roll and up.

SCHOTTISCHE—"A Delightful Surprise." By Lace Dep't.

A Magnificent Lace Robe Silk Appliqued on Silk Net, \$24.75

MEDLEY—"How Is It Done?" By Black Dress Goods Dep't.

\$1.50 Fine Quality English Crepons for - \$1.00 yd.

GRAND MARCH—"What a Glorious Time We're Having."

BY OUR CUSTOMERS.

B. NUGENT & BRO. DRY GOODS CO., Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street.

and mockingly repeated to her fiance the burning, passionate lines of 'The Fever':

THE FEVER.

And thou, my earthly friend, where is thy boasted friendship? Thou who around my soul hath cast this mystic spell. When to thee in silent agony my very being cried out; when with bursting, throbbing temples, and parched and faltering tongue I sat beside thee—what answer came?

Thine eyes still were mysteriously beautiful. Deep within them was a power of love as fierce as earth hath ever known. Thy dark hair gave forth that perfume which recalled a hundred memories of sweeter days. Like the ever restless sea thy bosom rose and fell. Upon the inmost chords of my consciousness the rich cadence of thy voice vibrated. The nearness of thy form electrified each mortal sense into keener life. Beside thee, existence took on another meaning.

But from thy eyes no answer came to mine. Thy lips no word of pity spoke. Within my veins the fever throbbed and burned. As I gazed upon thee in the streaming lamplight, my senses came and went, and I clinched my hands to hold to life and reason.

Suddenly all became dim and far-away. The yellow light changed to a blazing, tropical sun, mercilessly beating down upon a vast wilderness of blinding sand. In the intense heat the horizon quivered in phantastic shapes. Never before had the eye of man gazed upon such a desert waste. But in this vast wilderness, like the one seed of good in a wicked soul, there was a tiny spot of green. And here beside a spring were trees and among the rocks a cavern, and within the cool shadow of this cave she was sitting.

Her face was soft and beautiful, with a great pity. Every trace of indifference was gone. Her companion's head was upon her lap. His eyes were closed. With cool hands she stroked his burning temples. In his delirium he called her name. With low, deep tones she soothed him and, unconscious though he was, her voice stilled his incoherent delirium. Oh! it was a beautiful vision in the lamplight. She never was so beautiful as then—her true soul beaming down upon him through her eyes.

But the vision faded as it came, and holding the table to support his tottering steps, with swimming head he went forth into the cool moonlight. The night wind fanned his burning brow. Was there a true friend on earth? Oh! what lonesomeness, what utter uselessness, impotence, powerlessness. A being misplaced, misunder-

stood. A great soul unknown, unrecognized. A pauper in plenty. Bathed in love, yet thirsting for love. Never alone, yet dying of loneliness. With death at the heart, but laughing: ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! Oh! what a merry, merry world! Who would be sad? What fool cares for one woman's love?

How hot the fever burns. How the senses whirl—now hot, now cold. But Oh! how calm and peacefully the moon looks down. We come—we go. We love—we are loved—we are not loved. But still that desert with the glittering sand; that blinding sunlight; the soft shadow of that cave; that woman's voice; that wonderful pity. Oh God! God! God!

At last the man sat still and quiet in the moonlight. The fever burned and cooled. To him a friend came and licked his hands, and forcing his head between his knees, with great sympathetic eyes gazed up into the man's face. And those soft eyes seemed to know and to feel and to understand. And the man's tears came slowly and trickled down the dog's head.

At last the man slept and the dog watched, and as the night wore on the moonlight slowly crept across the room and bathed them in its rays.

And afterwards the man took up the burden of his life again, but he lived within. No more did his soul go forth to others. Upon his strong face time wrote in deeper lines. Before its time his hair turned white.

He traveled far in many lands. When he stood and gazed upon great mountains or upon the roaring cataract, or when in the dim light of some ancient cathedral, the fever came and burned within him.

Fortune seemed to smile upon him. He was given greatness and power. Asking nothing he was given all. He took up arms in his country's cause. Careless of death he escaped unscathed. When, on the summit of that bloody hill, he heard the cry of victory, again his senses reeled, as of old the fever throbbed within his veins.

In later years it was his lot to speak to many men, and at times the fever flashed within his eyes, and then like one inspired he spoke. Then his eloquence thrilled the hearts of his hearers. The applause of the multitude was as of a sound far away. Again the fever came as he stood with bowed head and closed eyes, and his memory went back many, many years to the girl sitting in the lamplight.

Some said—"This is genius." But you and I know better—it is despair.

"Where we are sitting now is where he sat; the music we heard is what he heard. He left the manuscript of his story in the drawer of our bureau. If it is published it

will make him famous. It is the romance of the century. But she is all through it, from the beginning to the end."

• • •

A SONG OF THE SEASONS.

SING a song of Spring-time,
The world is going round,
Blown by the south wind:
Listen to its sound.
"Gurgle" goes the mill-wheel,
"Cluck" clucks the hen;
And it's O for a pretty girl
To kiss in the glen.

Sing a song of Summer,
The world is nearly still,
The mill-pool has gone to sleep,
And so has the mill,
Shall we go a-sailing
Or shall we take a ride,
Or dream the afternoon away
Here, side by side?

Sing a song of Autumn,
The world is going back;
They glean in the corn-field
And stamp on the stack.
Our boy, Charlie,
Tall, strong, and light:
He shoots all the day
And dances all night.

Sing a song of Winter,
The world stops dead;
Under snowy coverlid
Flowers lie a-bed.
There's hunting for the young ones
And wine for the old,
And a sexton in the churchyard
Diggings in the cold.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mrs. A. D. Gianini is just recovering from an attack of malarial fever.

Mrs. Sporr, of Chicago, will arrive this week to visit Mrs. Webb Samuels.

The Misses Chinn, of Kentucky, are the guests of Mrs. James Hunt Lucas.

Miss McLain, of Tuxedo Park, entertained with a euchre on last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Ernest Edwards is entertaining his mother, Mrs. Catheryn Edwards of St. Joseph, Mo.

Mrs. Ex-Gov. Stone entertained, this week, Mrs. A. C. Price of Jefferson City, and her daughter, Miss Celeste Price.

Mrs. J. S. Jones returned last Saturday from Boonville, where she went to attend the wedding of her niece, Miss Martha Stephens.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas W. O'Reilly have gone to Los Angeles, California, where they may possibly reside, for the benefit of Mrs. O'Reilly's health.

Mrs. Pierre Bremond of Texas, who has been spending some weeks with her mother, Mrs. Eugene Abadie, left on Wednesday to return to her home.

Mrs. E. C. Chase and Miss Augusta Chase are sojourning at Las Vegas, New Mexico, where Mr. George Chase and Master Billee Chase will join them for the summer.

Mrs. Robert Reilly has sent out cards for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Katherine Reilly, and Mr. John Lynch. The ceremony will take place on Tuesday, May 8th, at five o'clock p.m., at St. Francis Xavier's Church.

Mrs. William E. Hill, of Keytsville, Mo., with her daughter, Miss Lucille Hill, is in the city, purchasing Miss Hill's trousseau for her approaching marriage to Mr. Keith. This will be a fashionable May event, and the young couple will go to Alaska on their bridal tour.

Dr. A. E. Linder will leave on May 1st for Europe, accompanied by his mother. They will visit the Paris Exposition and points of interest in Switzerland, Germany, Italy and France, spending most of their six months' sojourn in Switzerland, which is their native country.

The "Old Friends" Euchre Club, which celebrated the tenth anniversary of its organization this winter, gave its closing function last Monday at the Cherokee Garden. The members of the club are among the exclusive German circle, among whom are Mesdames Steinwender, Trorlicht, Koehler and others.

Miss Anne Koehler, of 1104 Dillon street, gave a rose luncheon on Friday afternoon, for three brides elect: Misses Lee Newell, who will become Mrs. Corwin Priest on June 20th; Miss Adele Dittman, who will marry Mr. Phil Becker next fall, and Miss Olga Garrels, who has announced the date of her approaching marriage to Mr. Carl Meyer to be June 6th. Each bride elect was presented with a bouquet of bride roses, and the other guests with bunches of three pink roses tied with a satin bow. The ices were served in the form of pink roses, and the table decorations were of these flowers and maiden-hair fern. At this luncheon formal announcement was made of the engagement of Mr. Pierre Garneau and Mrs. Clara Koehler, a beautiful young widow of the South Side. Among the guests were: Misses Josephine Cobb, Adele Dittman,

Mary Field, of New York, Josephine Calhoun, Clemence Tamish, Alice Guye, Helen Guempp, Adele Bollman, Amy Opel, Myra Opel, Jessie Leonari, Olga Garrels, Lee Newell, and Mesdames Rudolph Limberg and Krausnick.

One of the prettiest euchres of the season was that given last Monday afternoon by Mrs. Russell Harding, for the Acephalous Euchre Club, of which she is a member. There were many unique features, Mrs. Harding being of an original turn of mind. The beautiful suite of apartments occupied by Mrs. Harding, at the Southern, was simply filled with all kinds of fragrant spring flowers and Easter lilies, which had been ordered by telegraph as a surprise by Mr. Harding, who is in Texas. The tally was kept with miniature Easter eggs. Each guest received, in lieu of a tally-card, a cunning little wicker basket, with either white rabbits or downy yellow chickens on the cover, and for each game won, a tiny speckled egg was placed in the basket by the score-keeper. The baskets and eggs being retained afterwards as souvenirs. Mrs. Thomas Rodgers won the first prize, a solid silver tea-bell, with a large amethyst set in the handle. The second prize, a silver cheese scoop, went to Mrs. James Garneau. Besides the regular club prizes, there were three guest prizes. The first, a Greek Kan, in parian marble, and a dainty silver bonboniere, which was won by Mrs. Joseph Walther. Among those present were: Mesdames Alexander De Menil, Thomas Rodgers, James Garneau, Richard Barrett, Eugene Abadie, Agnes Macbeth, Ben Kimball, Gauss, Thomas O'Reilly, Thomas W. O'Reilly, J. J. Mauntell.

Exquisite Tiffany glass vases in iridescent and opalescent effects, are the latest fad. A beautiful line of them just received at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh street.

One of the most fashionable events of the season, in exclusive Jewish circles, was the wedding of Miss Viola Rosenblatt and Mr. Marcus A. Hirsch, which took place at the Temple Shaare Emeth on Monday evening at seven o'clock, Rev. Rabbi Sale officiating. Mrs. Louis Aloe, the bride's sister, served as matron of honor, and the groom's best man was his brother, Mr. L. K. Hirsch, of Chicago. The ushers were, Messrs. Richard Furth, Edward Scharff, Arthur Rice, Sidney Hellendahl, Aver Hirsch, Milton Sandfelder, Sidney L. Bauman and Morris Herzog. The bride entered the temple with her uncle, Mr. Bauman, preceded by a little flower girl, Miss Gladys Cohn, of Wichita, Kansas, who scattered rose petals before her. Immediately following the bride came her two little twin nephews, Masters Albert and Myron Aloe, who served as train bearers. All three of the children were dressed in white, the boys in white flannel, with broad sailor collars, and the little girl in organdie and lace. The temple decorations were white and green, being carried out in Easter lilies, palms and ferns. The bride looked lovely in a gown of soft white satin, the skirt made with a long court train, ornamented with a fall of point lace and chiffon. The bodice was low and sleeveless, and filled in with a guimp and sleeves of point lace, finished with plisses of chiffon. The tulle veil was worn entirely without ornament, and the bridal bouquet was of lilies of the valley and maiden-hair fern. Mrs. Aloe wore an artistic creation of pale blue crepe de chine, over silk of the same shade. The skirt was in demi traine, and the bodice low and



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Capital,	=	=	=	\$1,000,000.00
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We solicit the accounts of ladies, for whom a reception room with all conveniences is provided.

sleeveless. The entire gown was handsomely trimmed with Russian point lace and chiffon. She carried a shower bouquet of maiden hair fern. After the ceremony, the bridal party and relatives adjourned to the Columbian Club, where a course banquet was served. The table for the bride and groom was ornamented with white roses and maiden hair fern, and the two long guest tables were all done in duchesse of Devonshire roses. Mr. and Mrs. Hirsch departed the same evening on a long bridal tour of the Virginia Coast resorts. Upon their return they will reside at 4625 Westminster Place, where they will be at home to friends after May 15th.

* * *

Again the demand for an impersonal epicene pronoun has been raised, and men of grammar are writing letters to the New York *Nation* on the subject. William Hand Brown declares that such a pronoun was proposed in the early sixties, declined thus:

Heesh—he or she.

Hizzer—his or her.

Himmer—him or her.

An example of the use of this pronoun would be a sentence like this: "The teacher told John and Mary that he would punish himmer if heesh did not learn hizzer lesson." This pronoun would save much time in writing or talking. And time is money. And people need money. They need it to buy Swope's shoes. A man and a woman should buy hizzer shoes at Swope's, if heesh want comfort, and if fit and finish and durability are objects to himmer. Swope's shoes are sold at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

Mermod & Jaccard's wedding invitations in correctness of poems and quality of workmanship and material are the standard. Their superiority is everywhere recognized. Broadway and Locust.

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Latest Popular Music. Terms Moderate.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

A Special Department for Remodeling
Garments into the Latest Styles.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vogelsang, of No. 1 Windemere place, entertained, during the past week, their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Slaughter, who were upon their bridal tour, but finding the Southern resorts closed, they returned to spend a week, unexpectedly, with Mr. and Mrs. Vogelsang, leaving last Wednesday for their new home, in Ottumwa, Ia.

* * *

Diamond engagement rings, new and exclusive designs, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Manufacturing Jewelers, Broadway and Locust, \$10.00 to \$1,000.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mrs. W. Crossley is entertaining Miss Rosalie Collins of Denver.

Miss J. I. Lea, has returned home, after a month's stay in California.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Thomson have returned from a sojourn at Eureka Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brown are entertaining their brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Clare, of Florence, S. C.

Mrs. Shelby Barnes, Mrs. James G. Butler and Mrs. West have taken a suite of apartments at the Westmoreland Hotel.

On Friday afternoon, Lorraine Jones, of Kirkwood, will give a large reception for her daughters, Misses Churchill and Lottie Jones.

Mr. F. A. Steer and Miss Julia Steer gave a box party, at the opera, on Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Boogher were among the guests.

Miss S. Barreiras, who has been spending the winter in New Orleans, with the family of Senator S. D. McEnery, returned to her home in Kirkwood last week.

Miss Nannie Girardi, who is one of the pretty young girls who will graduate at the Mary Institute in June, will participate in the round of teas and receptions, which will be given by each member of the class in turn. Miss Emily Catlin will start the ball rolling, with a tea next Friday afternoon, at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Dan Catlin.

Three handsome entertainments of the week were given in honor of Miss Mabel Filley and her bridal party. The first of these was a dinner, on Tuesday evening, given by Mrs. John Davis, of Westmoreland place, and the second, a beautiful luncheon, on Wednesday afternoon, by Miss Marie Hayes. Mrs. Charles D. McClure will give an elaborate dinner on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Smith, of Locust street, are expecting a visit from their cousin, Mrs. Anna Fitzhugh Polk, who will arrive from Tennessee this week. Mrs. Polk was a famous Southern belle and beauty in her youth, and it was at her charming home in Kentucky that Mr. and Mrs. Smith first met. During the stay of her guest, Mrs. Huntington Smith will give a reception in her honor.

The marriage of Miss Isabel Chenier and Mr. Thomas Haley took place very quietly on Wednesday at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Shep. Cabanne. There were no invitations issued, and all arrangements were exceedingly simple, though elegant. Miss Chenier is a sister of Mrs. Ed Gorman, and has lived in Cabanne for some time. After the ceremony the bride and groom received the congratulations of their relatives, and then departed for a bridal tour.

Mrs. John McCluney and Misses Clara and Elizabeth McCluney, gave a tea on Friday afternoon, at their home, in Westminster place. The drawing-room was decorated with spring flowers and roses, the parlor being pink and the dining room yellow. Miss Jessie Wright and Miss Clara Clark served chocolate and coffee. Mrs. McCluney wore a toilette of black lace with a garniture of point lace. Miss Elizabeth McCluney wore a pale blue silk, veiled in white point d'esprit. The skirt was en demi traine, and trimmed with accordion plaited ruffles, edged with ruchings. The bodice was high with a transparent guimp and sleeves. Miss Clara McCluney was gowned in a white French organdie, made

in the prevailing mode and trimmed with lace. Among the guests were Mesdames Seth W. Cobb, William Dean, Dillon, of Orange, N. J.; Geo. Madill and McDonald, and Misses Bertha Semple, Elizabeth Semple, Louise Espenched, Daisy Aull, Sadie Pierce, Lily Belle Pierce, Josephine Cobb, Louise Bain.

Miss Marie Gordon and Mr. Frank L. Fay of Springfield, Mo., were married on Wednesday, at six o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Gordon, of 4252 West Bell Place, Rev. T. H. Cleland, of Duluth, Minn., officiating. Miss Edith Gordon was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Misses Elizabeth Hicock, and Irene Knox. Mr. Stanley Hill, of Sedalia, served as best man, and Messrs. John Ferguson and H. B. Gordon, of New Mexico, as groomsmen. The bride wore white liberty satin en traine, trimmed with accordion plaited ruffles of chiffon. The bodice was low and sleeveless and had an unlined guimp and sleeves. She carried a bouquet of white hyacinths and spirea. The bridesmaids and maid of honor wore similar toilettes of white organdie over pink taffeta silk, and carried bouquets of Easter lilies.

After the ceremony a reception was held, and Mr. and Mrs. Fay departed for a bridal tour, before going to their home in Springfield, Mo.

One of the handsome functions of Easter week was the reception given by Mrs. Fred Ketchmar, 5024 Westminster Place. The house was beautifully decorated with pink carnations and palms, a bank of the latter being arranged behind the receiving party. The dining room was also ornamented with pink carnations, with a large centerpiece on the polished mahogany table, and silver candelabra, with pink shades placed on the ends in handsome Battenburg lace squares. Miss Nettie Haile and Miss Daisy Larimore served chocolate and coffee at the table, both wearing dainty toilettes of organdie and lace. Mrs. Meredith Wade and little Miss Isabel Scullin, assisted in receiving the guests. Mrs. Ketchmar wore a Frenchy toilette of black silk, with the entire upper part of the bodice and sleeves formed of finely shirred blue chiffon. Mrs. Wade was elegantly gowned in black, the bodice of sequin embroidered net, with unlined guimp and sleeves. She wore a corsage bouquet of large pink roses. Little Miss Scullin wore a dainty French blue frock, polka dotted in white, with a white shirred liberty silk guimp and vest. A number of ladies without hats were: Mesdames William Say, Columbus Haile, Maria Johnston, Mary Ketchmar, and Miss Nellie Barnett. Among the guests were: Mesdames P. G. Robert, Valle Reyburn, Leroy Valliant, Clark Ketchmar, Frank Lee, William Short Wilson Hunt, Finis Marshall, Darwin Marmaduke, George P. Jackson, Bransford Lewis, George Massengale, Theodore Shelton, C. K. Dickson, Walsh, C. W. Block, James Scullin, Leslie Ketchmar, J. B. M. Kehlor, Robert E. Lee Craig, Peyton Carr, Jackson Johnson, William Eggleston, Robert Maguire, George Tower, and Oscar Johnson.

Miss J. I. Lea,
Scalp Treatment,
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8-day fine heavy-toned cathedral gong, strikes hours and half hours, carved oak or Mahogany \$150.00

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BROADWAY, Cor. Locust St.

Write for Catalogue—3000 Engravings—Mailed free.

Housekeeper—"I don't believe you ever did a stroke of work in your life." Tramp—"I was six years in one place, mum," Housekeeper—"Indeed! How did you happen to leave?" Tramp—"I was pardoned out, mum!" —New York Weekly.

Thirsty lady—Is there any water aboard? Captain (excursion boat).—Only 'bout four feet, mum; but please don't tell anybody.—N. Y. Weekly.

Bacon—I see Aguinaldo has been writing for the papers.

Egbert—Writes a running hand, I suppose?—Yonkers Statesman.

A WEDDING

Is always an interesting event, and the presents to be given ever a subject of great curiosity and speculation. Amongst the fashionable presents of the day,

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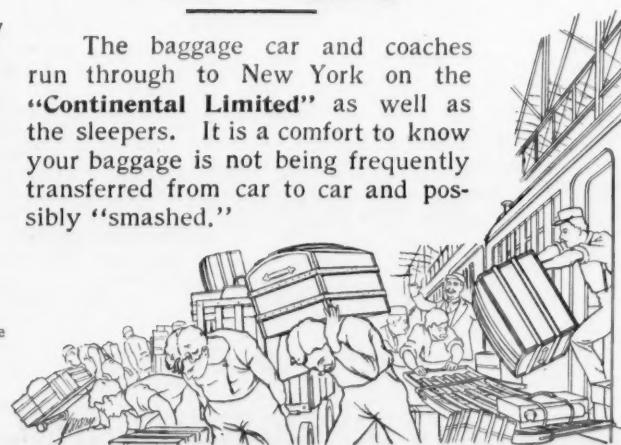
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The Mirror.

GOOD GOVERNMENT IN ST. LOUIS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PREPARE TO GET IT.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I have been greatly interested in the position taken by the MIRROR in reference to the municipal election next year. I agree heartily with the statement made, that if anything is to be done towards an independent movement, or towards securing a better administration of local affairs, now is the time to begin work. Nothing is more certain than that no progress can be made towards a better, cleaner, more efficient city government, unless there is a persistent organized effort put forth and intelligently directed. It is equally certain that, if such an effort is to be successfully exerted at our next municipal election, the preliminary work of organization and preparation must begin now. Thus far I am in accord with the MIRROR.

I must say, however, that I do not look with favor upon an independent movement. Such movements generally result in the election of the worst candidates. They are ephemeral and rarely produce lasting results. They lack the organization and cohesiveness necessary for permanency, even if temporarily successful, and cannot be relied upon to secure definite and comprehensive reforms. The mass of the people distrust such a movement, and can with difficulty be persuaded that its promoters have no ulterior motive.

Any permanent reform must be worked out through party lines. It is a fact, that must be taken into consideration, that the partisan spirit is so developed in our people as to cause division upon purely local issues along national party lines. Possibly the majority of voters are blindly partisan. These are divided in the several parties. It is the independent voter, then, who very largely decides elections. A proper organization and direction of this independent vote is all that is necessary to secure better municipal officials.

It is, I think, self evident that we need a better municipal administration. It is also evident that this cannot be permanently obtained through an independent ticket, but can only be obtained through party lines, by an intelligent direction of the existing independent vote. Now to do this we must have an organization, a machine. If we are to do it next spring we must organize now. At present there is no organization which can do this work. The old Civic Federation is practically dead. At least, it is never heard of. It is well that this is so. It leaves the field clear for a better organization, having the same general aim, but which will not be hampered by the old mistakes.

I would propose an organization along the lines of the Municipal Association of Cleveland, which was outlined in the Easter number of the MIRROR by its secretary, Mr. Fanning. I have recently had some correspondence with Mr. Fanning, and have secured copies of its reports, bulletins, constitution, etc., and have no hesitation in pronouncing the plan and practice admirable. This association has certainly accomplished a great deal in Cleveland, and similar organizations have done good work elsewhere.

Now why can we not have such an association? There is plenty of work for it.

WAS SHE FAT? SHE WAS

Mrs. Louisa Lafarge has been reducing fat people for years. How it can be done she will tell you confidentially, in a letter, for the small fee of one dollar. There is no other charge hereafter. She will not sell you any medicine. You can buy, what she prescribes, from your own druggist. You can follow instructions unknown to your friends, and during a month you will get rid of from one to two pounds of useless fat every day. If you think such a result worth One Dollar to you, send that amount (in \$1 bill. or stamps). Address Mrs. Louisa Lafarge, Station E, Duffy Building, New York. If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and find it doesn't work, she will send your \$1 back. If you question the value of this treatment, ask any proprietor of a first-class newspaper. They all know Mrs. Lafarge and what she has done. My Dear Madam:

It is 12 weeks now since I began your treatment. I noticed no change nor apparent benefit the first two weeks, but in the last 10 weeks just 47 pounds of "too, too solid flesh" has melted away. I feel 10 years younger and twice as active as I have been since I was 20. The abdominal belt is great. My girth is reduced a little more than 10 inches. I'll keep on wearing it, for it is so comfortable and braces one up so. Wish I could repay you for what you have done for me without charge except your small fee. The cost has been ridiculously small compared with the great benefit I received. I assure you of my esteem.

Yours truly, J. Q. M.

FROM NEWSPAPER COMMENT.

Mrs. Lafarge has made remarkable cures.—The Daily Herald.

The patients of Mrs. Louisa Lafarge become her friends.—Weekly Sun, St. Louis.

Mrs. Lafarge is a specialist of national reputation and worthy of confidence.—N. Y. Family Physician Magazine.

Mrs. Lafarge's life-study is bearing fruit in the wonderful success she is making in her specialty.—Nat. Newsman, N. Y.

We need it. Are there not enough interested in the welfare and honor of our city to make it a success? I think there are. Then let those who are willing to do something get together and discuss the situation fairly. Then let them form an organization for permanent work, and put men in charge who will keep everlastingly at it. In no other way can our municipal politics be improved.

I would like to say more, but fear to trespass further upon the good nature of the Editor. I will, however, add this. Those who are ready and willing to join such a movement, should speak and act now. Delays are dangerous.

Prentiss S. Trowbridge.
3021 Clark ave., St. Louis, April 21, 1900.

HIS REASON.

"You are home early."

Mrs. von Blumer glanced from the clock to her husband in some surprise, as the latter came in, kissed her quietly, sat down, and drummed nervously on the table with his fingers. He bore the air of a man who was not only about to go into battle, but who had prepared himself for the worst.

"Yes, I am home early," he said, promptly plunging into his argument, "and I came for a particular purpose. There's a little stag-dinner on for to-night, and I am going."

Mrs. von Blumer broke off somewhat viciously the thread she had been holding between her pretty teeth, as she replied in defensive anticipation:

"Well, what of it?"

"It's going to be one of the finest dinners we ever had," said Von Blumer. "Some of my old friends, whom I haven't seen for a long time, will be there, and I expect to have a great time. Still, I—"

Mrs. von Blumer's lips came together firmly, and she rose and faced him.

"I know what you mean," she said, sternly. "You are just going in for a regular man's time of it. You will drink too much and come home at almost any hour of the morning, and now, like a miserable sneak, you are trying to excuse yourself beforehand."

Von Blumer rose and faced her.



"KATY FLYER"

FAST TRAIN

TO TEXAS

AND THE

SOUTHWEST.

HOPKINS'

Grand Spectacular Revival of

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Farewell Week of the Season
Beginning April 29.

And grand jubilee of colored singers, dancers and musicians.
See the Great Battle Royal between 8 heavy weight Colored Pugilists. The funniest thing ever seen in St. Louis.

10-20-30.

April 30 (Matinee and night), Benefit of Arthur Mackley. May 1 (Matinee and night), Benefit of Manager Sam. W. Gumpertz.

23d and Last Week
Of Opera in English
By American Artists

MUSIC HALL

Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Wednesday Mat. 25c, 50c
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Boxes for six \$5, \$3

Grand Gala Farewell
Week of the

CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY

Magnificent Presentations of the Great Successes

Thursday night	Friday night	Saturday matinee	Saturday night
Faust	Aida	Faust	Aida

WITH THE SAME FAITH IN DETAIL, GRAND CHORUS, AND AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA AND THESE FAVORITE PRINCIPALS: Yvonne de Treville, Joseph F. Sheehan, Frank H. Belcher, Adelaide Norwood, Rose Campbell, Rhys Thomas, Richard Jones, W. H. Clarke, Mary Linck, W. W. Hinshaw, James J. Rohan, Della Niven, Homer Lind, W. H. Grimke.

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For Concerts, Graduation Exercises, Lectures, Etc. The management is ready at all times to demonstrate that the Odeon is one of the safest, most commodious and beautiful auditoriums in America. The house can be

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The Bill Includes:

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In Comedy up-to-the-minute. Late of the W. H. West Progressive Minstrels.

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In their character Comedy creation,

"In Town On Business."

KATIE ROONEY,

In Character Changes and Imitations.

During Miss Rooney's act there is a wait of 1 minute for a very difficult change of costume.

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In Comedy Acrobatic Sketch.

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RUMORS.

O the rumor, how it flies!
How it soars toward the skies!
See it swoop and pirouette
Through the dry and through the wet:
Flying, flying, never resting;
Always lying,
Truth detesting.
Waxing bigger, waxing fatter—
What its basis doesn't matter—
How it looms,
Looms, looms, looms,
Desecrating homes and tombs,
Killing truth, adoring lies,
How the wicked rumor flies.

Ah! the gossips, how they spout it,
Even though they really doubt it!
How they twist and turn and word it,
How they maul it,
Never minding how they heard it
Or recall it:
Tittle-tattle,
Never stopping;
Tongues a-rattle,
Eyes a-popping,
Waxing thicker, waxing horrid,
Waxing every day more florid—
O the sinful, sinful rumor, how it looms,
Looms, looms, looms!
Running fast throughout the nation,
Caring naught for reputation:
Killing truth, adoring lies,
How the wicked rumor flies!

It is to-ing, it is fro-ing—
None may tell where it is going,
None may tell where once it started;
All who mouth it chicken-hearted,

'Tis the scandal

Of the vandal!

O the tattling, tattling, tattling
Of the idle tongues a-battling.
Told by witling and by fatling,
Tittle here, and tattle there,
Tittle-tattle everywhere,
Coward whisperings in the air
Waxing deeper, deeper, deeper,
'Mazing worker, rousing sleeper.

How it grows,
As it goes
Through the sun and through the glooms,
Unabating,
Desecrating
Homes and tombs!
Running wild, and running wilder,
Spoke by dotard, lisped by childer:

Killing truth, adoring lies—
How the wicked rumor flies!

Catch it, botch it!
Snatch it, scotch it!
Let some withering furnace burn it,
Let the tongue that's truth-clad spurn it
Ere it kills.
Don't receive it,
Don't believe it!
Never spell it,
Never tell it,
For it chills—
Chills the heart with its foul breath,
And the chill is that of death!
Kill not birds to heaven soaring,
Kill no stag, but let your warring
Be on rumor with its dooming,
In the sunlight, through the glooming:
Rescue Truth, and kill the lies
That must die when rumor dies.

—Roger Camerden in Harper's Weekly.

The exquisite effects of diamonds and colored gems worked into butterflies, lizards and bugs of various kinds, is most beautiful, and we invite inspection of our latest creations. J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

Perhaps because of interest in other events of moment, people do not seem to have realized that India is under the blight of the most dire famine of all those that have filled that land with the bones of the starved. Conditions have improved under British rule, but when rains are withheld no human agency can more than mitigate the plague of hunger.

In respect of famine, the history of India has been sombre indeed. Between 1802 and 1854 there were thirteen of these visitations, resulting directly in the death of 5,000,000 people. Since then there have been sixteen, under which 12,000,000 natives have perished miserably. To what extent the ravages of the one prevailing now will go is a matter of conjecture, but there is every reason to believe that it will surpass the most gloomy predictions made last October, when it first became a certainty.

The facts are terrible enough to stir the emotions and excite an active sympathy. The world is called upon to contribute of money and stores, as the task of relief is too great for the government alone; and

whatever may be done, with whatever promptness, the grim certainty remains that many thousands must fall victims to want and exposure. In a district larger than Great Britain and Ireland, stock is dying for lack of sustenance, the carcasses decaying in every field and on every highway. The inhabitants are deserting children, for whom they can find no food, and fleeing in the vague hope of finding supplies sufficient for themselves. In British territory in India 22,000,000 people are in the desolate region where crops have utterly failed, and 27,000,000 in native states are similarly doomed to fatality or hardship. As long ago as November, 2,200,000 were on the relief list, but at that time there was a possibility that winter rains might ease the hard conditions. No rains have fallen, and now none is to be expected before June. Meantime, most evil prophecies have been realized, and the scourge grows in magnitude and intensity.

A strange difficulty presents itself in the circumstance that the Indians are fatalists, and inclined to accept what seems to them the inevitable. "If we are to die of hunger," so they reason, "it is the will of God." Taking this view they refuse to aid themselves, or take advantage of proffers of assistance, preferring, when pangs grow acute, to eat grain furnished for seed rather than accept the wage offered for work on public enterprises. There is also a limit to the amount of such work available. While the Imperial Legislative Council of India does not specifically request help, it clearly intimates that the burden placed upon it is too grievous to be borne alone, and that it can not depend upon England for all that will be required. Three years ago, in the attempt to meet conditions far less serious, the government expended ninety millions of dollars, while from the United States and other countries ships with voluntary loads of grain and food-stuffs steamed into Indian ports on errands of mercy. This year's famine touches the whole of the Bombay presidency, a large section of Central India and the Southern Punjab, threatening to extend to part of the northwestern provinces and the Deccan.—*Argonaut.*

&c. &c.

Grandfather clocks with full Wellington and Westminster chimes, in mahogany and antique oak, at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Seventh and Locust.

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If faint and down-hearted, or weary with toil,
If care round your heart like a serpent should coil,
Should enemies trouble, or friends fail to please,
Or the fiend—Indigestion—abolish your ease;
Why not even these can make life dull and stale
When opposed by a bottle of

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Red Lion Brand; better ale is not brewed. If your grocer or liquor dealer cannot supply you telephone brewery direct, Kinloch D 1344.

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REDUCED RATES TO COLORADO.

Union Pacific R. R. will make a rate of \$19.00 for the Round Trip from Kansas City to Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo, May 1st and 15th, June 5th and 19th. Full particulars of the same will be furnished by J. F. Algar, Gen'l Agt., Union Pacific, 903 Olive street, Century Building.

&c. &c.

For home decoration the Russian hammered brass candlesticks, lamps, and jardinières are most striking and rich looking. Mermad & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust, are exhibiting some beautiful specimens of this new decorative ware.

The Mirror.

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The Best Shoe for Women

We desire to call special attention to the following numbers for Spring and Summer wear:

No. 19—Dark tan color kid skin, light-weight uppers and welted sole, as flexible as a turn shoe—broad, low heel and full round toe shape.

No. 59—Dark tan color kid Oxford tie, counters lined with uncolored calf skin—made with a full round toe, straight cap—welted sole and low, broad heel.

All Widths and Sizes;

\$3.50 Per Pair.

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DRY GOODS COMPANY.

MUSIC.

CLOSE OF THE OPERA SEASON.

How to make opera popular is a problem solved by Henry W. Savage. Any one must admit this who has followed the course of the Castle Square Company during its season at Music Hall, and must also admit that the Savage solution is a logical and a pleasant one. Mr. Savage, last October, announced a season of opera to be given in St. Louis, and promised good opera, respectably sung and adequately staged, at prices within reach of all. He advertised extensively, lavishly, even, and all the promises made were fulfilled, all contracts carried out to the letter, in fact he gave the public much not "nominated in the bond." The operas were sometimes most elaborately staged, the stage management was exceptionally fine, and the work of the chorus and principals was generally of a high order. Gradually, slow, St. Louis woke up to the fact that it had a good thing in the Castle Square Opera Company, and began to attend its performances regularly. The result is, that a new class of amusement patron has been created, namely, the weekly opera-goer who never, or at least very seldom, goes to see the play, but goes regularly to hear every opera. Thousands (I use these figures advisedly) who before hardly ever visited a place of amusement, have become regular visitors at Music Hall during the opera season; thousands who could not appreciate music more complex than the jingly melodies of the "Bohemian Girl" have had their tastes educated to the appreciation of the noble measures of works like "Tannhauser;" thousands whose tastes were all right, but whose purses would not bear the strain of opera of the five-dollar variety, have seized the opportunity of hearing grand opera well sung for the nominal

sum of twenty-five cents. This season has also had the effect of making opera at popular prices fashionable, as a glance at any of the brilliant audiences of the Friday nights of the season attest. It has stimulated ambitious vocal students—though the effect in this direction threatens to force peace-loving citizens to get out an injunction restraining emboyo Sheehans and Trevilles from yelling Rhadames' music and shrieking poor mad Lucia's florid measures. In a word, it has done more to universally popularize opera in St. Louis than any other event in the musical history of this city.

While this operatic season cannot be considered too seriously, from a purely musical point of view it, nevertheless, contained even from that standpoint at least one event of importance, namely, the first American presentation of Spinelli's realistic opera "A Basso Porto." This was also the greatest achievement on the part of the company, the stage management was little short of marvelous, the chorus and principals sang and acted exceptionally well, and the orchestra, though its task was a most arduous one, acquitted itself with great credit. The performance, which ranks next in point of excellence, is that of Verdi's "Aida," was splendidly staged and sung.

Of the personnel of the company, Joseph Sheehan, who has an immense and enthusiastic following in this city, in the most remarkable figure. This young singer with the glorious voice of silver is the best American operatic tenor of the day, and his Lohengrin, Rhadames, Manrico and Faust are memorable performances which compare favorably with those of many of the high-priced foreign tenors. Sheehan seems not to know what fatigue means and is more prodigal in the use of his voice, singing this week six times here and once in Chicago. Adelaide Norwood, who may be called the resident prima donna of the St. Louis season, she having sung here almost continuously, is another remarkable member of this organization. As a vocalist she is not equal to some of the other principals, but she has a strong, useful voice and makes points so cleverly in her singing that she covers up so many technical deficiencies. Norwood is a rarely beautiful woman, and her extraordinary musical and dramatic talent, versatility and phenomenal memory, make her one of the most valuable members of Mr. Savage's forces. Her greater hits during this season have been her Yum Yum and Aida, roles absurdly at variance with each other.

Yvonne de Treville has also become a great local favorite. She is an artist to her finger tips, and in roles like Marguerite, Gilda, Mignon and Juliet she is delightful. Wm. Wade Hinshaw is another singer who has made a place for himself in the affections of the Castle Square clientele. He has developed marvelously in his work during the season, and in "Tannhauser" gave one of the most polished artistic interpretations of Wolfram's music ever heard in this city.

Then there is Maude Lillian Berri, Delamotta, Mary Linck and a dozen other principals of whom the St. Louis public retain pleasant recollections, to say nothing of the familiar faces in the chorus. Edward P. Tempie has inspired the public here with a feeling of respect akin to awe by his methods in stage management, and Emerico Morreale is rightly regarded as one of the greatest men who ever directed opera in St. Louis.

In the "front of the house" Manager Southwell reigned and contributed quite as

much to the success of the season as the people behind the footlights. A suave, polished gentleman, a marvel of tact, he made things pleasant for everybody, and handled with courtesy and politeness even the most aggravating case of chronic kicker. And all these pleasant people are making farewell bows this week in the most approved fashion, amid stormy demonstrations on the part of the audience.

Let us hope, however, that it is only *auf wiedersehen*, and next season will bring them all back again. As yet nothing for another season in St. Louis is settled, but it is more than probable that we will have another extended period of enjoyable Castle Square Opera.

THE UNION MUSICAL.

Miss Rosalie Wirthlin, contralto, and Mr. Burt P. McKinnie, basso, sang for the Union Musical Club last Saturday. Miss Wirthlin is a young singer of great promise, with an immense voice. The upper tones are full and vibrant, and her chest tones have almost a baritone quality. Her singing gives evidence of temperament, but her interpretations left much to be desired, and her vocalism is as yet somewhat crude. However, she seems to be on the right path, and unless all signs fail, will become an artist who may aspire to the great heights to which her fine voice entitles her. I would recommend to this young singer that she cultivate more repose of manner on the platform. Mr. McKinnie comes largely under the same category. His voice is beautiful—a rich, mellow bass, without hardness and of agreeable quality throughout. He sings with ease, and pays particular attention to placing his tone correctly—at least this was the impression he gave last Saturday—and this detracted somewhat from freedom and spirit in his interpretation. His best work was done in the song by Sargeant, and in this number the full beauty of his voice,—which, I think is, by all odds, the best bass in the city,—was most favorably displayed. Miss Adelaide Kunkel played a concerto by Liszt in which Mr. Charles Kunkel accompanied her on a second piano.

Miss Kunkel displayed breadth and power, a full round and varied touch, steadiness and certainty of execution, and considerable interpretive power. Mr. Kunkel's work requires no comment, he is a master at the piano, but on Saturday he abused his strength somewhat, and made the second piano part too prominent. Miss Niederlander played the "Carnival," by Schutt. Her work in this composition is commendable for mechanical dexterity, but lacks life and color.

A. C. W.

Hand carved ivories. Vienna bronzes and a complete assortment of truly beautiful Royal Bonn and Royal Vienna ware are among our March importations. Call and see them. J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Seventh and Locust.

The clergyman's little boy was spending the afternoon with the bishop's children "At the rectory," he said, "we've got a hen that lays an egg every day." "Pooh!" said Master Bishop, "my father lays a foundation stone once a week." —London Globe.

The most beautiful designs in belt buckles, and pulley belts ever shown here are to be found at Mermod & Jaccards, Broadway and Locust. Solid silver, 75 cents to \$25; fine silver plate, 50 cents to \$6.00.



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is correct attire. The cost of a fine wardrobe, however, has been a bar to many a brilliant man's social progress. That bar is now removed. We have taken it down. There is no philanthropy in our action. It is purely business. For example, our \$25.00 to \$35.00 To-Order Suits or Overcoats.

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How Railroads Aid Commerce.

The map in the "Round the World" folder, issued by the New York Central Lines, is an object lesson on the subject of the relations between the railroads and all other commercial interests. It marks an era in the history of the foreign commerce of the United States.

A copy will be sent free, post-paid, on receipt of three cents in stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Friend—Kicks about taking medicine, eh?
Papa—Oh yes!—kicks like a faith curist!

AT THE PLAY.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

The love of a daughter of the South for a son of the North is the theme on which Clyde Fitch has based his new war play, which he names "Barbara Frietchie," for the reason, as he explains in his note on the programme, that the personality of the heroine of the Whittier legend adds to the spirit and atmosphere of that period in our history in which the imaginary incidents of his play took place.

In endeavoring to give novelty of treatment to a theme so worn and hackneyed, the playwright undertook an extremely difficult task, and one which he has accomplished with but indifferent success. He has written a novel opening scene, and one altogether delightful, but before he finished the first act he showed straining for effect in a rather forced, dragged-in balcony scene between *Barbara* and *Captain Trumbull*, her Northern lover.

The second act also opens very well with a fresh, charming comedy scene, but in this act the exigencies of the playwright providing a "situation" for his heroine, again makes him become theatrical, and resort to a melodramatic device, which savors of the clap-trap of the old-time "thrillers." A Confederate sharpshooter has his gun raised to kill *Trumbull*, but before he can fire, *Barbara* "wings" him with a convenient gun, and the curtain descends amid yells of joy from the gallery.

After this dive into melodrama M. Fitch devotes all his energies to the task of working up emotional scenes for *Barbara*. Her lover, wounded by her brother, is carried into the *Fritchie* house where *Barbara* conceals him in her bed-chamber. Doctor Hal Boyd, who is summoned, commands absolute quiet—the wounded man's only hope for recovery, whereupon *Barbara* goes through a long harrowing scene with her father, who has discovered the Yankee's presence and demands that he be turned out of the house. An equally harrowing scene with Confederate soldiers, searching for Northern soldiers, and another with a former admirer, *Jack Negley*, who had gone mad and causes great disturbance in the *Fritchie* home. Then, when she finally enters her chamber where the faithful *Mammy Lu* is keeping watch, she finds her lover dead and gives vent to a torrent of grief over his body. In the final scene *Barbara* is shot and killed by *Jack Negley*, while waving the Union flag from a balcony.

This is the gist of the play in which Julia Marlowe appears at the Olympic Theatre this week—a play of slender merit as to writing and too much artifice as to construction. However, the decorations, the "trimmings," as it were, which consist of a wealth of detail used to imbue the spectator with the atmosphere of the place and time in which the characters live, are pretty and ingenious to a degree, particularly the evening street scene which opens the play. This adornment and the skilled acting and personal charm of the star, make the play interesting, even attractive, as Julia Marlowe would make a much worse vehicle, if one could be imagined, for the exploitation of her abilities. For this clever woman plays wonderfully well, and has a most winsome, magnetic personality. Her naturalism is sometimes almost startling, especially in the scene where she discovers the death of *Trumbull* and in the earlier scenes where she portrays the changeableness of *Barbara's*

Recent



Matting Arrival.

JUST OPENED 500 Rolls.

moods, she is bewitchingly piquant. Of the supporting company there is little to be said. Julia Marlowe is the "whole show," the other people being merely "feeders" for *Barbara*. However, Nora Lamison, Katherine Wilson, J. H. Gilmour and Algernon Tassin deserve credit for the capable way in which they acquit themselves in this capacity.

The Lounger.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Only one more week remains of the season at Hopkins', the coming week witnessing the farewell appearance of the stock company in a more than ordinary elaborate production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Manager S. Gumpertz has had this production in the course of preparation for several weeks, wishing to make the closing week of the season a record one. In former years the production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been marked by standing room only at every performance, and this year will probably see a repetition of such business. In the coming production, in addition to the appearance of all the members of the stock company, there will be a negro jubilee, in which forty trained negro vocalists and dancers will participate. The negro chorus will sing all the old favorite plantation airs as well as many new songs. There will be buck and wing dancing, and the features of the performance will be a battle royal, in which 8 colored, heavy-weight pugilists will participate. As this is merely a comedy performance, the battle will be for a laughing purpose only. After the last performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Hopkins' regular season will finish, and the stock company will go its several ways. On Monday, April 30th, in the afternoon and evening, stage director, Arthur Mackley has his annual benefit; he will have a special show with a dozen big features. On Tuesday, May 1st, Manager Sam W. Gumpertz will have a big testi-

STRAW MATTINGS

Haven't you a room or two ready for matting? The cheapest, cleanest floor covering ever made! A few dollars pay for a room and you will enjoy the change!

FOR A FEW DAYS

Mattings	- - -	12½c
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I will lease for a term of years at a low rental, the fine property, 260x600 feet, on Grand Avenue, opposite the eastern entrance to Tower Grove Park. It can be made a highly successful Summer Garden. There is now on the place a large modern house, with 14 rooms, hot water and baths; shrubbery on the grounds; property surrounded on all sides by improved streets and granitoid sidewalks.

MARTIN S. BRENNAN,
902 CHESTNUT STREET.

monial, which has been tendered him by the Hopkins' Amusement Company. In addition to the performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" there will be a dozen or more vaudeville features; among those who will appear are Lawrence Hanley, Al Blanchard and others.

"Vanity Fair" is the attraction at the Standard this week, with an olio of more than ordinary merit. The three Rio Brothers, the world's greatest flying-ring artists; Andy Barr and Florence Evans, who are "In Town on Business," Katie Rooney, in character changes and imitations, and the Garnellas, are but some of the attractive

features. Next week W. A. Watson's American Burlesquers will hold the boards, and the patrons can rest assured that they will "burlesque" right up-to-date.

* * *

You can be earning money while you sleep. Four per cent interest is paid by the Lincoln Trust Co. on savings deposits. The office of the company is at Seventh and Chestnut streets, where every convenience is provided for patrons. Special window for ladies.

* * *

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into the composition of Beer.

Lemp's Buck Beer

WILL BE FURNISHED TO THE TRADE ON AND AFTER

April 28th, 1900.

THE STOCK MARKET.

If present indications are not misleading, the collapse in the steel stocks marked the beginning of an active and aggressive bear campaign. It is not so difficult any more to buy a big block of a particular stock in the active list. Holders are willing and even anxious to sell, and this, of course, facilitates the efforts of the bears to reduce prices to a lower level. The late exhibition of the cynical indifference with which the guiding spirits of industrial combines manipulate their own securities in utter disregard of common honesty and decency has caused a chill from which it will take a long time to recover. It is now quite evident that the recent bulge in prices was due entirely to jack-screwing and pool operations, not to legitimate investment. The passage of the currency and refunding law furnished the final argument to bull stocks on, but the result was hardly up to expectations. The tactics of the manipulators were so open and disreputable that conservative people held aloof, in spite of all the specious inducements held out and the rosy-colored predictions made in reference to eventual consolidations and traffic alliances.

The leading railroad stocks are now showing declines of from 4 to 8 points from their recent high level. Liquidation is growing rapidly in stocks like St. Paul, Burlington, Rock Island, New York Central, Pennsylvania, Atchison, Missouri Pacific, Baltimore & Ohio, Louisville & Nashville and Northern Pacific. Values are being knocked down without much ceremony. The bears are flushed with success and eager for the fray, and there is hardly any doubt that their efforts will be crowned with further and, in some cases, signal

success. They know the weak and vulnerable spots, and will expose and attack them one after the other. Since the slump of last December, prices have risen from 10 to 30 points, and a good reaction is therefore, in order. It is notable that St. Paul, which dropped to 112½ last December, is now selling at about 119 again, after an advance to 126%. The tendency in many stocks is towards a lower level than that of the panic of December 18th, especially in the high-priced group, and sales at fair advances are, therefore, to be recommended and should be made without hesitation. Care should be taken, however, and only such stocks sold which are comparatively free from manipulation. It will be dangerous to sell the steel stocks at present prices, notwithstanding the practical certainty that they will sell at much lower prices before a great while. The decline in the balloon-department has been rather sensational of late and a rebound is in order, in the natural course of stock market events. If rallies should carry prices for American Steel & Wire, Federal Steel, Tennessee Coal & Iron, National Steel and other stocks of this class up from 5 to 7 points, people with sufficient means, courage and patience will not regret it if they sell for "short" account.

Regarding the American Steel & Wire debacle, a leading financial journal says: "The bad break in steel stocks was an event of great significance. It reminds one of the shock which came to the stock market just about a year ago, when the Flower stocks met with such a sudden set-back in Wall street. April, 1899, witnessed the beginning of the end of the boom in the stock market. The traders hoped against hope until December, when a panic of mild proportions (but which gave promise of attain-

ing great proportions) occurred. The situation, however, was patched up, and after a time, another upward movement in stocks was brought about. It needed only the break in steel stocks last Monday to indicate that the stock market had by no means experienced all that was in store for it, as a result of the crazy conditions of 1899. The events of last Monday may be regarded as but the precursor of a movement which will ultimately eliminate all the inflation from the securities of the industrial combines, known as trusts."

The bearish feeling has been intensified by the steady climb in sterling exchange rates. It is now generally believed that exports of gold will take place in the near future. Rates have now reached a point at which \$20,000,000 of the yellow metal was shipped to Europe last year. It is significant that the Bank of England has succeeded in securing another consignment of almost \$500,000 from New York to Buenos Ayres. The ease in money rates on this side is in strange contrast with the great demand for funds on the other side of the Atlantic. A readjustment will certainly have to take place. If money should remain easy for any length of time in New York, we will have to submit to seeing large amounts of gold exported to Europe, and this in spite of the acknowledged fact that the international trade balance is largely in our favor. The tightness in the money markets in Europe is vividly illustrated by the weakness and declines in national securities. British consols lost almost one-half of a point in the last few days, while the depreciation in German securities is arousing the apprehension of the Government authorities.

If there should be any material decrease in the activity of the iron and steel industry,

THE CELEBRATED

Columbia
Brewing Co.'s

BUCK BEER

ON TAP

At All Customers,
On and After.

APRIL 28th.

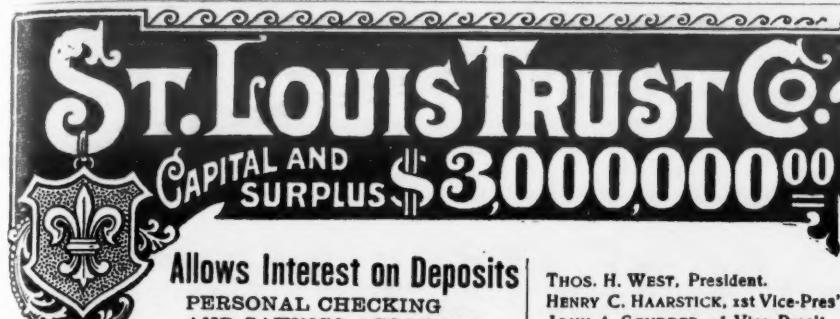
BAYLE'S SALTED PEANUTS!

These Peanuts are a Decided Novelty!

And their popularity in the prominent Hotels, Restaurants and Clubs is due to the ingenious method of their manufacture.

In order to preserve the delicate flavor and the aroma of a perfect peanut, they are toasted on wire pans over an open fire. The operation is similar to the broiling of steak, and the effect is the same in the retention in the peanut of those essences which are as charming in their way and as easily destroyed as the perfume of a flower.

Salted Peanuts are petite, but very appetizing.
Manufactured only by
GEO. A. BAYLE, St. Louis.



Allows Interest on Deposits

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AND SAVINGS ACCOUNTS
SOLICITED.

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Through the Clearing House.
Temporary Offices: N. E. Corner Fourth and Pine Streets.

RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

ALSO

FUTURES IN COTTON,
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

Bought and sold for cash, or carried
on margin. We are connected by
SPECIAL LEASED WIRES with
the various exchanges.

GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO., 307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Gaylord, Blessing & Co., stock and bond brokers, 307 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co.	4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102 —104
Park	6	A. O. April 1, 1905	113 —115
Property (Cur.)	6	A. O. Apr. 10, 1906	113 —115
Renewal (Gld.)	3.65	J. D. Jun 25, 1907	103 —104
"	4	A. O. Apr 10, 1908	105 —107
"	3 1/2	J. D. Dec. 1909	103 —104
"	4	J. J. July 1, 1912	112 —113
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104 —106
"	3 1/2	M. S. June 2, 1920	104 —106
St'r'g. (100)	4	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107 —109
(Gld.)	4	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	108 —109
"	4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	108 —110
"	4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109 —110
"	3.65	M. N. May 1, 1915	105 —106
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	104 —105
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about		\$ 18,856.277	
Assessment		\$352,521,650	

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100	—101
"	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	106	—108
School	5	A. O. Aug. 1, 1908	100	—102
"	4	A. O. April 1, 1914	102	—105
"	4 1/2-20	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102	—103
"	4 10-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	108	—105
"	4 15-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	104	—105
"	4	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	105	—105

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 — 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	101 — 103
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	93 — 100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	— 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 — 103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 — 95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 — 101
Kinlock Tel Co., 6s 1st mtg.	1928	98 — 100
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 — 109
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s	1929	114 — 116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	111 — 113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	115 — 118
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s	1927	94 1/2 — 95 1/2
St. Louis Agric. & M. A. 1st 5s	1914	99 1/2 — 100
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1910	— 94
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1912	89 — 92
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1901	100 — 102
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1913	98 — 101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1908	75 — 85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	4*50	Dec. '99 5 SA	200 —204
Boatmen's.	100	Dec. '99 3 1/2 SA	187 —192
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1900 6 SA	140 —150
Continental.	100	Dec. '99 3 1/2 SA	172 —173
Fourth National	100	Nov. '99 5c P.C.	220 —230
Franklin	100	Dec. '99 4 SA	156 —159
German Savings	100	Jan. 1900, 6 SA	275 —295
International	100	Apr. 1900 1 1/2 qy	124 —130
Jefferson	100	Jan. 1900, 3	100 —110
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1900, 5 SA	40 —500
Mechanics'	100	Apr. 1900, 2 qy	200 —24
Merch.-Laclede.	100	Mar. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	160 —162
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1900, 4 SA	145 —155
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Apr. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	257 —259
South Side	100	Nov. '99, 8 SA	115 —125
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Apr. 1900, 8 SA	135 —138
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8	90 —100
State National	100	Mar. 1900 1 1/2 qy	164 —166
Third National	100	Mar. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	150 —152

*Quoted 100 for par.

1879-1899.
Noel-Young Bond and Stock Co.

BOND AND STOCK BROKERS,
All Local Securities Bought and Sold.
Municipal Bonds a Specialty.

No. 304 North Fourth Street. - St. Louis.

it cannot be doubted that the earnings of the Louisville & Nashville, Southern Ry., and other important systems will be quickly affected. It should be borne in mind that the Louisville & Nashville, for instance, is carrying a big tonnage in iron and steel products, ore and coal; in fact, the gains in the revenues of this system have been simultaneous with the revival in the iron industry. A recognition of this is probably accountable for the sharp drop in the shares of this company, as well as the Southern and other properties, although some maintain that the flood damage had most to do with it.

The bond market has receded moderately, in sympathy with stocks, but there is no actual weakness apparent as yet. Buying in Atchison, B. & O., Union Pacific, Norfolk & Western, Reading and St. Louis Southwestern 4s is still large, and conservative houses confidently advise purchases of these bonds at all set-backs. Foreign houses have been large purchasers of Wabash "B" debenture 6 per cent bonds in the last five or six weeks, in the belief that something like 2 per cent will be paid on them before long. The bonds have depreciated about 2 points lately, and can now be bought at 40%.

If they should drop to, say, 38, it will be advisable to put in buying orders. The Wabash system is steadily improving its financial and physical condition. The revenues are now sufficiently large to permit of a distribution to holders of these bonds. If a payment of 2 per cent were to be made, it would at once be assumed that it was the intention of the company to put the securities on a 4 per cent basis.

Missouri Pacific has declined seven points from its recent high level. It dropped to 54 3/4 and, on covering of "short" lines, has again risen to 57. The stock acts as if the pool was engaged in liquidating. Serious doubts are now entertained regarding the probability of a dividend-payment on the shares within the next six months, notwithstanding the liberal talk of Russell Sage and others connected with the property. President Geo. Gould remains silent, and this is taken to indicate that the time for dividend-distributions has not as yet arrived.

Intimations are plentiful that the break in the steel stocks is over, but they need not be taken seriously. The late antics in this quarter of the market will prevent any sustained or sharp upward movement for an indefinite length of time. The public will not buy these inflated stocks any longer, and without the public, the manipulators will be unable to accomplish very much.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There has been a little more activity in local securities in the past week, but interest

seemed to center in street railway and Granite-Mountain issues. Bank and trust company shares show no change in quotations and were utterly neglected.

United Railway 4 per cent bonds were sold in large amounts at from 86 1/2 to 86 3/4; the preferred gained also a few fractions, while the common dropped about a point.

There has been no sale of Missouri-Edison securities for some days; they are strongly held, it seems, and holders are not anxious to sell except at higher prices. The common is especially firm and in demand at recessions.

Granite-Bimetallic displayed strength of late and rose to \$2.87, at which a few hundred shares were sold. There is no definite news at hand to account for the advance. Friends of the property predict higher prices for the stock.

Third National is nominally 150 bid and 152 asked; \$285 is asked for German Savings Institution stock. For a small lot of St. Louis Safe Deposit & S. B. stock \$133 was bid.

Brewery bonds are a trifle higher and Carleton Building bonds lower. Street railway bonds, that is, of constituent lines, are in demand.

St. Louis bank clearances continue large, but give indications of falling off in the near future, due more to decreasing speculation than anything else. Foreign exchange is reported to show an advancing tendency.

* * *

A PICTORIAL ALBUM.

Since the railroad people have gone into the field of art and literature, no handsomer specimen has been shown than that entitled, "Souvenir and Views en route to California," a copy of which has been received by the MIRROR. It bears the imprint of the Union Pacific Railroad and is copyrighted by Mr. E. L. Lomax, Gen. Passenger Agent.

Printed on ivory-finished paper, the covers tied with silken cord, the views done in the highest style of chromo-lithography and the letter-press elegant and tasteful, this brochure is a gem of artistic literary advertising. It is in all respects worthy of the theme of which it treats. The views presented include such picturesque scenes as Medicine Peak and Chimney Rock, Wyo., Elk Mountain, Green River Bluffs and other choice bits in that scenic region. Utah furnishes subjects innumerable for lovers of the glorious landscapes of the far West, and in the souvenir are pictures of the far-famed Echo Canon with its awe-inspiring "Sphinx" and other weird rocky monuments. Weber Canon furnishes other beautiful views, such as the "Devil's Gate," "Devil's Slide," "Witch's Rocks," etc. But to properly appreciate the beauty of this Album one should secure a copy, which can be procured free on application to Mr. J. F. Aglar, Gen. Agent, U. P. R. R., Century Building.

* * *

Wedding Silverware—Mermod & Jacard's.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST COMPANY
Capital and Surplus, \$6,500,000.
2% PAID ON CURRENT DEPOSITS.

DIRECTORS.

Elmer B. Adams,	August Gehner,	Thomas O'Reilly, M. D.,
Williamson Bacon,	Geo. H. Goddard,	H. Clay Pierce,
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David W. Caruth,	S. E. Hoffman,	J. C. Van Blarcom,
		Julius S. Walsh,
Charles Clark,	Breckinridge Jones,	Rolla Wells,
		Eugene F. Williams.
Harrison I. Drummond,	Sam. M. Kennard,	
St. L. Transfer Co.	Auguste B. Ewing,	
Union Dairy.	Wm. F. Nolker,	
Wiggins Fer. Co.	David R. Francis,	
Westhaus Brake	Wm. D. Orthwein,	

50 Apr. 1900, 7 1/2

No
Tunnel
AT
St. Louis.

GOING
Lv. St. Louis..... 8:00 a. m.
Ar. New York..... 2:55 p. m.
Ar. Boston..... 4:50 p. m.

DINING CARS,
SLEEPING CARS,
PARLOR CARS,
ST. LOUIS
TO
CINCINNATI.

GEORGE SMITH.

The attention of writers of fiction who are looking about for story material is called to the career of the late George Smith, Scotch bachelor, of London, Milwaukee, Chicago, and New York. The other day, when Mr. Smith died, the newspapers told more or less about him—how he was the partner of Alexander Mitchell in Milwaukee before the war; in what interesting ways he made a great deal of money; and how, when he had worked as long as he wanted to, he gave up business and went to London, where he passed the remaining years of his life in as much seclusion as a man can find who lives at a club. Since then we have been told that his estate has paid a war tax of a million pounds in England, an inheritance tax of \$2,000,000 in New York State, and is expected to pay a war tax of about \$5,000,000 to the United States government. It is worth noting that Mr. Smith's chief heir, Mr. James H. Smith, of New York, has made the large disbursements which these taxes have called for without hesitation or evasion, or further delay than has been necessary to ascertain what the law required.

George Smith's fame was that of a money-maker and not much else, but it was good of its kind, and his career in active business had a good deal of commercial romance in it. His great fortune was due to shrewdness, foresight, business capacity, and integrity. He went to Chicago in the early days, made a fortune in land dealings, went back to Scotland with it, and apparently found Scotland dull. Returning to Milwaukee with Alexander Mitchell, he founded an insurance company, which had a charter

which allowed it to do a banking business and almost anything else that seemed profitable. Then followed the period when currency was scarce, and "George Smith's money" was accepted as good, and circulated throughout the Northwest. Then in due season came a run on the bank, and most of this money came flooding in and was promptly redeemed. Finally Smith closed up his business and went back to London, where for years he led a rather solitary life, while his fortune went on accumulating. When he died, the sum of it had come to be something like a hundred million dollars.

There is a good deal in all this that appeals to the imagination. The man must have been a remarkable character. Some day, when readers get tired of sixteenth-century sword-play, George Smith, and other Aladdins of his generation, who were pioneers in the industrial development of a great country, may get into novels; and the novels, if they do justice to their subject and stick close enough to facts, will make edifying reading. The romance of banking and railroad-building, if properly worked out, is just as breathless as the romance of buried treasure, or of battle, while the figures are bigger and the dollar-marks are all capable of proof.—*E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly.*

CABINET GIRLS.

It has seldom happened that there have been so many young ladies connected with the official circle at Washington as during this administration, and this is particularly true in regard to the Cabinet families (writes Abby G. Baker in the *Bazar*). Since Mr. McKinley's inauguration there

A NEW FAST TRAIN

—TO—

CINCINNATI,

NEW YORK

—AND—

BOSTON

—VIA—

BIG FOUR ROUTE.

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry.,
New York Central & Hudson River R. R., and
Boston & Albany Ry.,
The New York and Boston Limited.

{ AFTER
APRIL
29 }
TRAIN WILL RUN

	NO. 16, DAILY.	NO. 18, DAILY.	NO. 36, DAILY.
Lv. St. Louis.....	8:00 a. m.	12:00 noon	8:06 p. m.
Ar. Indianapolis.....	2:25 p. m.	6:10 p. m.	4:05 a. m.
Ar. Cincinnati.....	6:00 p. m.	9:05 p. m.	7:30 a. m.
Ar. New York.....	2:55 p. m.	6:00 p. m.	8:00 a. m.
Ar. Boston.....	4:50 p. m.	9:05 p. m.	10:34 a. m.

THROUGH SLEEPERS
ST. LOUIS TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

RETURNING.
Lv. Boston..... 2:00 p. m.
Lv. New York..... 5:30 p. m.
Ar. St. Louis..... 9:45 p. m.

ONLY
ONE NIGHT AND ONE DAY
NEW YORK TO ST. LOUIS.

DINING CARS,
SLEEPING CARS,
CAFE CARS,
LIBRARY CARS,

ST. LOUIS
TO
NEW YORK
AND
BOSTON.

C. L. HILLEARY,
Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent,
St. Louis.

have been more than twenty young lady daughters in these families alone, and at present there are ten. The first Secretary of State, the Hon. John Sherman, had no young lady daughter, nor did his successor, Judge Day; the present incumbent of the Jeffersonian chair, Mr. John Hay, has two very charming ones—Miss Hay and Miss Alice. Miss Hay is following in the literary footsteps of her distinguished father, and is already quite widely known by her interesting book of poems, which she published last year. Her talent is an inherited one, and it has always been natural for her to write in verse. Miss Alice Hay, therefore, often laughingly declares that her sister has all of the "gifts" of the family, but those who know her best do not agree with her in this. She is quite as bright and as great a social favorite as Miss Hay, and both of them are of great assistance to their mother in making the home of the Secretary of State the leading one of the official circle. The Secretary of the Treasury is one of the three original members of the McKinley Cabinet. He and Mrs. Gage have no unmarried daughters, although their beautiful home on Massachusetts Avenue is almost always filled with a gay house-party of young people. Secretary Alger's daughter was married during his tenure of the War Office, the wedding being one of the most brilliant social events of years. The present Secretary and Mrs. Root have one young lady daughter, a tall, graceful girl, with clear, olive skin and dark, expressive eyes. Miss Root has thoroughly enjoyed this her first season in Washington, and is very popular. She is an end-of-the-century girl in her devotion to out-of-door sports, an excellent horsewoman, and very much at home on the golf-links and tennis-court. She is, besides, an accomplished musician. Like his predecessor, Justice McKenna, the present Attorney-General, Judge Griggs, has two young lady daughters. Miss Griggs came out in society last winter, and Miss Leila was to have been formally introduced this season, but owing to the long illness and subsequent death of Mrs. Grigg's mother, this event had to be omitted, and Miss Leila came out without any formality. Miss Long, the eldest daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, has been a student at Johns Hopkins for several years, and does not care for society, while her sister, Miss Helen, who took a prominent position socially during the first of the administration, is now in poor health, and has gone to Colorado for a change of climate. Secretary Hitchcock, who succeeded Secretary Bliss in the Interior Department, has two attractive daughters. Miss Wilson, the daughter of the Secretary of the Agricultural Department, is her fathers' hostess, and has made his home a brilliant social centre of the capital.

THE POPULAR RESORT.

Mr. Cyrus H. Clarke, one of the proprietors of the Oakland Hotel, St. Clair Springs, Mich., was in the city the first of the week looking the very picture of health and jollity—an excellent advertisement for that most attractive summer resort. The mineral water baths and other features of St. Clair Springs have made it very popular with recreation-seekers. The elegant cottages adjacent to the Oakland are supplied with every modern improvement and are to be rented for the season. The season commences on the first of June.

**DAD'S
STRENGTHENING
DETS**

WHAT IS A DET?

A Det is a TINY RED PILL, made ONLY by the DAD CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK. It has peculiar properties. It not only causes the Stomach and Liver to do their proper duty, but it also tones the heart and nerves, and strengthens the whole system—hence, it is

AN ABSOLUTE SPECIFIC

FOR
**COLDS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION,
AND SHATTERED NERVES.**

25 Cents a Bottle. At Druggists.

MUSIC CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

BY HOMER MOORE.

(For the MIRROR.)

Some people are a perpetual snarl. Their natures are a jungle in which growls, claws and teeth are barely concealed. Their eyes gleam with a hungry fire that consumes. They lie in anxious expectation for errors and accidents. They gloat over failures and laugh at misfortune. Their storehouse is filled with ignorance and flagred with arrogance. Their weathervane points opposite to the progress of the world and their perpetual cry is calamity.

These people constitute themselves critics and undertake to dictate public opinion. They mix their conversation with soft words that sting and false opinions that lead astray. They frequently pose as public benefactors and protectors. They put on a cloak of righteousness the better to vent their spite. They hold up their hands in holy horror at the mistakes they attribute to others and in the immensity of their imaginations find shortcomings that seem like crimes. Their one maxim is, that nothing is as it should be. Instead of believing that "there is good in things evil" they contend that there is little but evil in things good. Instead of pointing out error in order to correct it, they magnify it that it may breed its kind—may become like an infectious disease and spread, and become a monster to contribute to their delight.

Some of these people know the depth of their vicious natures. The most of them do not. Many of them fool themselves worse than they fool those about them. They con-

vince themselves while their arguments leave their friends still in doubt. They look through colored glasses till they think the world, not the glasses, colored. The venom has sunk deep into their own hearts and made a home there. Their smile shows teeth that tear in pieces. Their laugh is the rattle of destruction. Yet they are convinced that they love their fellow men and desire the upbuilding of civilization.

The world of music contains some of these incarnate contradictions. Some of them are in the profession—many outside of it, often longing to get in, without traveling the long and difficult road that leads thereto. Some of them are in St. Louis and their pernicious influence is felt even where it is not recognized or acknowledged. Some are known and, being known, have small influence. Some are known, but powerful still.

Criticism to be worthy of toleration must be helpful; it must not tear down, but build up. Criticism is almost always one's nose in somebody else's business, and it needs many excuses for being. Its first need is to be right and its next to be beneficial. To hang a criminal does not make him a good citizen. To condemn a performer does not make him an artist. To destroy a great musical enterprise because its perfection is not ideal does not reconstruct it. A revolution is always a step backward and is always followed by a period of chaos. It is only warranted by being followed by a great stride forward.

The critic who must put down his opinions where they may be seen of all men is usually conservative and careful. Therefore, the critics for the press are rarely rabid. They feel the responsibility and power of their

position and act accordingly. Occasionally one is to be found who unconsciously allows himself to be influenced, and his own good judgment perverted, by the opinions of those about him. The notion that newspaper criticisms are influenced by the business office is as mistaken as it is malignant. Sometimes a paper refuses to notice a performance in advance unless a reasonable amount of paid advertising is done. In a respectable paper a performance stands on its merits.

Music in St. Louis needs to grow. It cannot be blown into maturity by a hurricane, deluged into it by a cloud-burst, or burned into it by a tropical sun. It needs soft breezes, gently falling drops of rain, friendly glances from the orb of day and cooling smiles from the stars at night. Nature's ways of development are slow and continuous. Only when it destroys does it hasten.

Civic pride in home institutions needs to grow first of all. The laborer who stays in the field all the year and toils for the good of his art is worth more than the genius who shines for an hour and vanishes, perhaps forever. The criticism that builds up the influence of the home musician makes him a power for good that cannot be prized too highly. He may not be as great, but he is more useful than the stranger. Every real musician is a center of force always working for the good of the community and he deserves the respect and help of the critic.

There are those who think that criticism is confined to discovering and pointing out the bad things in a performance. There are many persons in every audience who endeavor to make and maintain a reputation for an extended knowledge of music in this

way. They do not seem to know that only the true musician is so close to his art as to be able to see and appreciate its choicest beauties and richest meanings. If they did, they might attempt to follow in his footsteps and speak of the good things. Anyone with ears to hear can detect the average failure in a performance. No knowledge of music is required and none exhibited in discovering that a tone or phrase is out of tune—nothing but ears, shared alike by men and mules. The subtleties of artistic interpretation require brains for their enjoyment and understanding. It is much more creditable to say "she played that phrase with an exquisite touch," than, "she struck wrong notes any number of times and I heard them!"

¶ ¶ ¶
A paralyzed audience:—When the curtain had fallen on the last act, the multitude mobbed the manager of the show. "Where," they hoarsely clamored, "is the one continuous laugh which you advertised?" "Search me!" protested the manager. "Ah, possibly it is on us!" exclaimed the multitude, starting violently, and regarding each other suspiciously, while sickening doubts gnawed at their hearts.—Detroit Journal.

¶ ¶ ¶
Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

¶ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Mirror.

"FANCIES."

A ST. LOUIS BOOK OF VERSE.

Mr. Jon E. Gorse has published his "Fancies" in an unpretentious pamphlet, without foreword, without attempt to enhance at all the merit of his lines by any decorativeness of type or page.

The slim brochure, without bookmaker's imprint, is almost painful in its hardness of aspect. Yet there's something in it. More, perhaps, than the cursory reader will ever discover. The poems have a certain stamp of academic care. The writer, at times, has strangely clothed intensity in phrases that are made deliberately cold. In a gentle mood the poet is indeed fanciful, as distinguished from imaginative. This is true fancy:

Fancies are children of hours grave or gay,
Featured unlike parents they may be, and yet
Joy bears the thought that made your eyelids wet
And Sorrow found you on Love's golden way.

And this, from the same sonnet, is also in the very vein of fancy:

In peace one trumpets of red war's affray,
Near death another sings of love in troelts.

And there is lyric simplicity in this first verse of a little love song:

Windflower, crocus, violet
Teach me spring-words ripe to say;
Roundel, sonnet, triplet
Lend your feet to dance my way.

There's a pretty, wise, wistfulness in the author's "Lalulaby" with the last envoi quatrain strongly reminding the reader of some of the tenderer things in Housman's "Shropshire Lad." It is in these simpler things that Mr. Gorse is most effective. When he essays the fiercely passionate, somehow the reader feels as if the writer doesn't mean it. There are two poems entitled respectively, "Midnight" and "Alone" that are suggestive of the famous "lines" of Stephen Crane and perhaps of Walt Whitman, but more eminently intelligible and with every evidence of their being a display in word-choice. "Alone" is good work, every line of it. It is truer to the author's self than the Swinburneian echoes of "Illicit," or the adumbrations of Francis Saltus' muse in "Realization" and "Delusion." Passion as passion is all right in its place, but this purely intellectual passionateness is not the thing that appeals most to readers of poetry. Still, the author must not be too harshly judged, for he calls his verses only "fancies," and the play of intellect on passion is, perhaps, the very essence of fancy. But the fancy, for instance, of the woman who kisses one man while dreaming of another is not startlingly new. Yet the sonnet entitled "A Woman's Soul" is airily fanciful though, perhaps, not complimentary to the modern woman's opinion of herself. This is the sonnet:

The inmost secret of the night's last word
Is not more hidden than a woman's soul;
To one she shows her heart a flaming coal;
Another doubts that ever passion stirred
Her ice-bound pulse; bride of heaven to a third;
A fourth finds motherhood her longed-for
goal;
A fifth must to her peccant greed pay toll,
And with a sixth she's wanton as a bird.

But if she turn thus, from ideal to real,
May not the phases of her conduct shine
A guide to one who'd read her mental scroll?

Is she not clay upon her potter's wheel—
Modeled as he would have her; to hold wine
Or gall—a moulded image of his soul?

The reader will note in these "Fancies" a peculiar thing—a cynicism that will crop out when the singer would be most gentle. The lumen siccum, the dry light, is out of place ordinarily in poetry, but in these

poems it is the thing that gives them their individuality. The sweetness has always a little sourness back of it. Just the least touch more and I should say the author of "Fancies" could be very bitter. And yet you'll find such a thing as the following "Hail Mary," which seems on the verge of being Heinesque, and yet veers almost to the pietistic note of Aubrey de Vere, a poem that is baldly veritistic at first, and, nevertheless, comes to an end with a gentle note that is in discord with the dryness or harshness of which we have spoken.

Across the isle a woman sits
Fingering with hard and knuckled hands
A faded bonnet string; her lifeless hair
Is straggling from its plaited bands.

Her breast is deep; her waist is wide;
Beneath her plain skirt's tattered hem
A broad and yawning shoe is thrust,
And yet—she wears a diadem!

Its shine is on her yearning face,
'Tis mirrored in her dewy eyes;
Her thin lips breathe its radiance,
Echoing the mother-throb in sighs.

She asks no charity from shame,
A miracle claims all her soul—
As God claimed her of Nazareth
Who wore Christ's mother's aureole.

These poems lack much of the ease, the burr-sticking quality that seems requisite to poetical success these days. They don't come quite so spontaneously as one might wish. They are a little over-conscious of the effect intended. They are not in the popular strain at all. They are not deathless lays, but they are, at the least, the best poetry that has thus far been turned out with the St. Louis imprint, with the possible exception of the poetry of Mr. William Vincent Byars. Mr. Gorse's "Fancies" will be treasured among the best of the literature of this city. This may not appear to be saying much, for St. Louis has known mighty little literary output in its time, but Mr. Gorse's verse is distinguished, cultured, artistic work, and its defects are probably due to the fact that it was done in the infrequent intervals of the deadly grind of newspapering in the Post-Dispatch, of which he is the Sunday editor.

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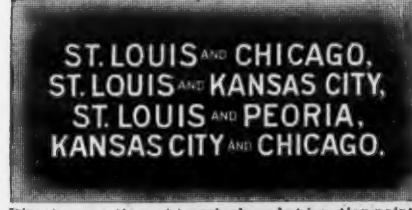
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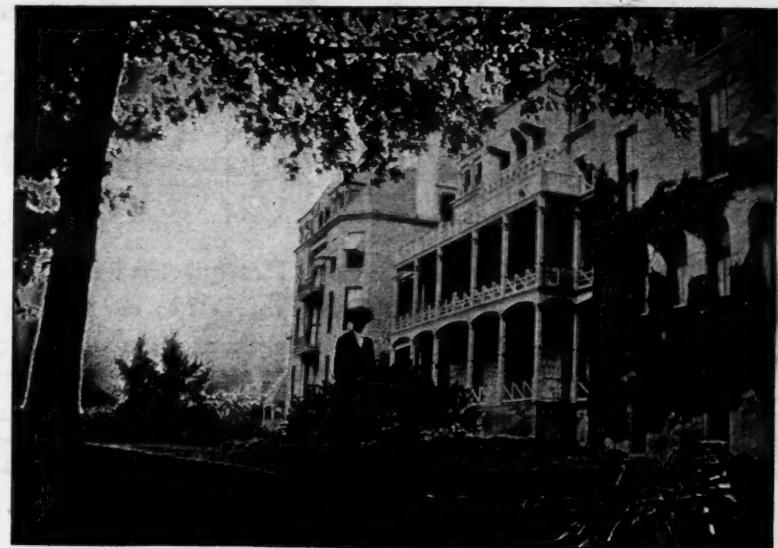
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